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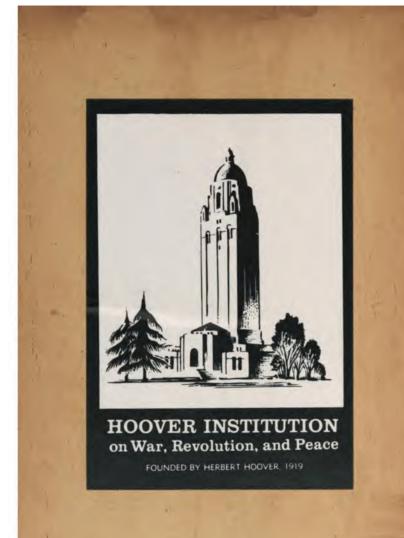
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DARK AND STORMY DAYS AT KUMASSI, 1900

REV. FRITZ RAMSEYER REV. PAUL STEINER









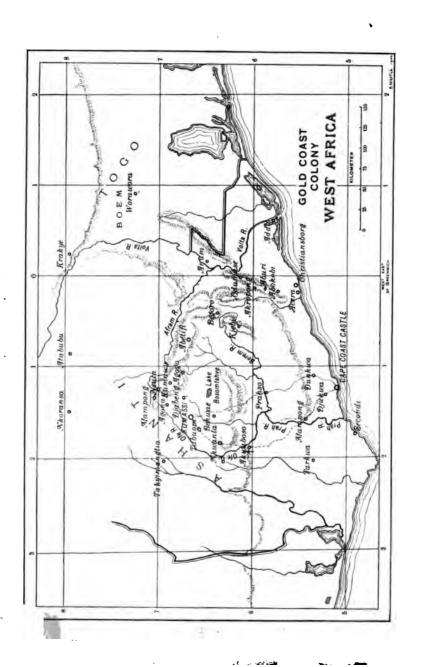


DARK AND STORMY DAYS

Acro

KUMASSI,

1900.



DARK AND STORMY DAYS

AΤ

KUMASSI, 1900;

OR,

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE IN ASHANTI

ACCORDING TO THE DIARY OF REV. FRITZ RAMSEYER.

COMPILED BY THE REV. PAUL STEINER (BÂLE).

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY MISS MEYER.

WITH A PREFACE BY

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PREFATORY NOTE.

H AVING for many years been conversant with the excellent work of the Basel Mission, of which my friend the Rev. Theodore Oehler is the honoured Superintendent, and having enjoyed the acquaintance of several of its Missionaries labouring abroad, I have great confidence in commending to the sympathies of British Christians this narrative of labour and suffering in its behalf.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer and their Missionary comrades have a thrilling story to tell. It is a story as full of peril and privation, of endurance and heroism, and of God's own delivering hand, as the story of the relief of the Legations at Pekin only a little later in 1900.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer, in particular, have a record of endurance and labour for the Gospel to which even Missionary annals have few parallels. In 1874 they were delivered from Kumassi by Sir Garnet Wolseley, now Viscount Wolseley, after four and a half years' captivity as the prisoners of King Kofi Karikari. Since then they have done valuable service

to the cause of Christ at Abétifi, where they have established a prosperous Mission. Four years ago, after the campaign of 1896, in which Prince Henry of Battenberg was taken ill and died, the way seemed clear to resume work at Kumassi, and the prospects of the Gospel were most encouraging. The Missionaries were rapidly gaining the confidence of the Ashanti people when the revolt of the chiefs took place, and Kumassi was invested by the numerous hosts of the Ashanti tribes. How the Missionaries took refuge in the fort, how they bravely sustained the perils and privations of the siege, and how, when face to face with absolute starvation, the Governor, Sir Frederick Hodgson, and Lady Hodgson, with part of the beleaguered force, broke through and made for the coast, accompanied on that perilous journey by the Missionaries, is told in these stirring pages.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer, by the good hand of the Lord upon them, look thoroughly fit and vigorous after thirty-five years of Missionary service in West Africa, and they hope soon to be able to return to the people with whose spiritual interests they have identified themselves.

God grant that this narrative may awaken widespread sympathy and prayer on behalf of these Missionary brethren at their outpost on the borders of the darkest heathendom.

THOMAS NICOL.

University of Aberdeen, March 13th, 1901.

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DARK AND STORMY DAYS AT KUMASSI.

CHAPTER I.

IN KUMASSI TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

On the evening of February 4th, 1874, a detachment of British soldiers, accompanied by the merry sounds of the Scotch bagpipes, made its triumphal entry into Kumassi, the capital of Ashanti. On the morning of that day, King Kofi Karikari had most bravely withstood the advance of the English army, under the command of General Sir Garnet Wolseley. Sitting on his parade-chair, shaded by a red tent-covering, he had for seven long hours guided the battle, and had endeavoured to prevent the enemy from crossing the river Da. But when the defeat was decided, and his forces were obliged to retreat, he too took to flight, and escaped towards the interior.

Thus the British troops entered Kumassi, which since its foundation had never been entered by a hostile warrior—except as prisoner or slave. But even

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now the king would not condescend to make peace with the hated conquerors. Together with his people, he had retired behind Kumassi, and hoped that the approaching rainy season, with its fever-fostering miasmas, would compel the enemy's withdrawal. In the meantime his stone palace in Kumassi was blown up, the town fired, and the crown treasures taken into custody. At the same time, further English reinforcements approached against the capital, and threatened the safety of the king. Only now, seeing that the loyalty of most of his chiefs was beginning to give way, he determined to yield. On February 13th he sued for peace, and accepted its conditions. English troops at once began their backward march to the coast, as the approaching rainy season and its thunderstorms threatened to make the ways through the virgin forest, and the crossing of the swelling rivers almost impassable.

The taking of the capital, and the whole defeat of the Ashantis, who were looked upon as invincible, was a judgment of God, unexpectedly brought to bear upon this people. But the humiliation they suffered was so contrary to their historical traditions, that they bore the evil consequences of their conflict with English power with ill-concealed wrath. Until this time Ashanti could look back upon a glorious past, beneath the sway of its warlike kings. At certain periods it had been at the head of all the tribes of the Gold Coast, or at all events of those inhabiting the land of Kong in the north-west,

stretching as far as the Volta river in the east and north.

In its power it had hitherto lain to check all connection between the interior and the coast, and to keep the tribes in the north and south in a state of continual fear, with the help of its warlike peoples. In its campaigns it had subdued a number of tribal races, forcing them to pay an annual tribute in the form of slaves, gold-dust, and cattle. Chiefs and princes were summoned to the judgment-seat at Kumassi, and every one willingly submitted to its The people of Ashanti were, with judicial verdict. the exception of the Dahomey tribe, one of the few West African races who had attained to a more complete state formation, and had a history to point But now its historical position was suddenly disturbed.

CHAPTER II.

A PAGE OF ASHANTI HISTORY.

The glorious but bloody history of despotism in Ashanti had only begun in 1700. After being for some long time tributary to the King of Denkjera, the people of Ashanti rose to a man in 1719, and gained a mighty victory under the leadership of Osai Tutu, although they were only armed with spears and To commemorate this war of independence Tutu built the town of Kumassi, about one hundred and eighty miles from the coast, and so gave to his authority a firm point of support. Under the rule of his successors, who were provided with firearms by the Dutch at the coast, Ashanti continued to grow as a warfaring and conquering power. In vast numbers prisoners of war were dragged as sacrificial victims to the capital Kumassi, destined to bleed to death at the festivals instituted in honour of the people, the idols, or the dead.

Gradually Ashanti began to give heed to the tribes on the coast, with a view to obtaining possession of commercial intercourse. But in thus pressing forward, it came into conflict with the English, under whose protectorate was the greater part of the coast. This happened for the first time in 1807, when an army of Ashantis suddenly appeared on the coast, attacked the Fantis, and threatened Cape Coast Castle, the principal British fort. They repeated their attacks in 1811 and 1816, and the English became acquainted with a nation that could put one hundred thousand men into the field, and knew how to fight, not only in closed ranks, but also in fearlessly attacking the ramparts of the English forts. Care for their own safety, as well as hope of gain, ensuing from commercial treaties made with so powerful a people, induced the English to send an embassy to Kumassi in the following year.

On May 19th, 1817, the embassy entered the capital, and was received by the royal court there with all pomp. In his dealings with the ambassadors, the king and his council displayed diplomatic shrewdness, and a haughty political scheme. A treaty was concluded; but peace was soon destroyed again. The Ashantis approached with force of arms. The English governor, Sir Charles Macarthy, hastened imprudently to the uneven battle, was defeated, and lost his life, together with some officers (1824). The jaws of the slaughtered were cut off, and used as decorations for the drums; their hearts were eaten by the chiefs, who gave up part to the younger warriors, according to the custom of the country. Macarthy's head was taken to Kumassi, and kept as a trophy of victory.

In the ensuing year the conquerors again made their appearance on the coast, and besieged the chief fort of Owing to an outbreak of smallpox in the English. the Ashanti army, the fort was not stormed, and the white men were saved from being driven into the sea. A renewed attack in the following year could only be successfully warded off by the use of rockets, which were looked upon by the Ashantis as fetishes. But now they thronged into the eastern portion of the English territory, the tribes of which they had formerly partially subdued. These tribes now rose, and, assisted by English, who had settled on the coast, Dutch, and Danes, fought the great Ashanti army in a bloody battle on the vast grassy plain of Accra-Land, near Dodowa, in September 1826. The Ashantis were entirely routed and scattered. The victors obtained a wealth of plunder, and some of the members of the royal family fell into their hands. Only at this point and after years of parleying, did Ashanti consent to a lasting peace (1831). The tribes on the coast breathed freely once more, and hoped for security under British rule.

Peace was preserved for some time, since the peace-loving King Kwaku Dua, who reigned 1830–1867, wished to make his country great and prosperous by means of trade. During the time of his reign Ashanti seemed to be opened to missions and their message of peace. This induced Freeman, the Wesleyan Missionary, who was stationed at Cape Coast, to make an attempt. From the beginning he had fixed his mind

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on blood-stained Ashanti, and had looked upon it as the goal of his missionary enterprise to hoist the flag of the Cross of Christ in Kumassi. He started for Ashanti at the beginning of 1839, but was detained on the frontier for a long time, and only reached the capital after two months' time. The kindly monarch gave his consent to the establishment of a mission in his country, and after returning home, Freeman began to seek for the necessary pecuniary means and for workers. In the meantime, the missionary A. Riis from Bale paid a visit to Kumassi, in December 1839, but saw quite clearly that the time had not yet come for Ashanti, when a mission could hope for any lasting stability.

Freeman, on the other hand, undertook a second journey to the capital in 1841, and accompanied thither two Ashanti princes, who had spent several years in England as hostages, and were now returning to their native land. A missionary was stationed in Kumassi, and missionary work was commenced. But in spite of the encouraging beginning, the work would not prosper under the tyranny of Ashanti rule. There was no possibility of a gradual abolition of bloody customs, human sacrifices, and other horrors. At last it was evident that the mission, undertaken in Ashanti at tremendous cost, would have to be abandoned, and would have to content itself with placing a native in charge of the mission buildings in Kumassi (1849). And even after a new attempt had been made in 1862, to appoint a missionary to the post, it was unsuccessful,

since fresh hostile outbreaks had occurred between the English and the Ashantis.

But under strange circumstances a few years afterwards, missionary brethren from Bale were destined to enter the capital, without any intention on their own part, and to stay there against their own will—not as messengers of the Gospel, but as prisoners of war.

King Kwaku Dua had died in 1867, and had been gathered to his fathers. His nephew, Kofi Karikari, succeeded him on the throne. Now the ancient thirst for war awoke in the Ashantis, and the young king swore to the great men of the kingdom, who placed him on his royal seat: "My commerce shall be war." As early as the following year, Ashanti was on the The commander Adu Bofo crossed the war path. river Volta with two detachments, and harried those parts of the Slave Coast that lay beyond it. attack upon the English Protectorate on the Gold Coast was planned for later on. On that occasion the Bâle missionary station at Anum, lying on the heights of the left Volta bank, was attacked by advancing Ashantis, plundered and destroyed on June 12th, The missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer, 1869. with their child, and Mr. Kühne, fell into the enemy's hands, and were carried as prisoners of war, amidst unspeakable sufferings and want, to which the poor child fell a victim by the way, over the Volta to They were dragged from place to place, Ashanti.*

^{*} Further details of this may be found in the pamphlet: "Four years a prisoner in Ashanti."

and had to spend some time in miserable reed huts near the capital, until the king assigned the dilapidated mission buildings in Kumassi to their use,

For four years they had to endure captivity there, without any definite prospect of final liberation. Hope was held out to them from time to time, but the promises of the Ashantis, like their policy, proved to be made up of deceit and falsehood. In this position the missionaries could hardly undertake evangelising work, They made some attempt, but what was to be expected of a seed falling on ground saturated with blood, and sown by those, who, as prisoners and slaves, were exposed to the arbitrary rule of unfeeling negro grandees? Daily, and with their own eyes, they were obliged to realise in what hands, and what surroundings they were, and what barbarian horrors were in vogue in Kumassi. The coarsest paganism, with its inhuman excrescences-human sacrifice, mutilation, tyranny, and fetish worship-was revealed to them. When, they asked fearfully, would freedom come to them, and to this enslaved people?

Then a judgment fell upon Ashanti. Their fool-hardiness caused them to change the seat of war to English territory. In January 1873 the Ashantis, with all their forces, started for the coast, where no one was prepared for their attack, or was able to withstand their victorious advance. Burning villages and dwelling-houses reduced to ashes marked their line of march. The English forts on the coast saw themselves suddenly threatened by a superior

adversary. Then God stretched forth His hand, and smote the Ashantis, as He had of old smitten the army of Sennacherib. Smallpox broke out among them, and forced them to retreat. But England, seeing her honour was at stake, determined to punish the boldness of the Ashantis.

An expedition, under General Garnet Wolseley, appeared at the end of 1873 on the Gold Coast. and marched upon Kumassi, in order to dictate terms of peace to the ancient enemy. The English troops, with the native auxiliary forces, pressed through the virgin forests unrestrained, in spite of the desperate defence of the Ashantis. The boundary river, the Prah, and the steep Adanse Mountains were crossed, and on February 4th, 1874, the gates of Kumassi were reached. Ashanti lay humbled and helpless, as already stated, at the feet of England, her conqueror. The imprisoned missionaries thereby gained their freedom. They had been miraculously kept during all that exciting time and amidst the dangers of the people's wild and unrepressed emotions; and while praising and thanking God, were now able to leave their house of bondage, even as they that dream, and to return to the circle of the Bale missionary brethren on the eastern Gold Coast.

Ashanti was severely humbled; its power had received a check, from which it could not soon recover. Its capital lay in ruins, and the magic sound of its long-feared name had lost its potency. One tributary state after another deserted it; even some provinces

ventured to shake off the oppressive Ashanti yoke, and made themselves independent. The decrease of its power was of importance also to the inland portions of the Gold Coast. The way into the interior, up the river Volta, whose banks had been subject to the Ashantis in days of yore, was now suddenly opened up to commerce and missionary enterprise. The tribes that had been scattered in the last war assembled once more on the sites of their deserted and ruined homes, and established themselves again with a feeling of renewed safety. The lands in the desert grew fertile once more. Missionary zeal could take up once more its work of peace, and could advance its outposts of work along the line of the Volta towards the interior.

Ashanti's decay, internal as well as external, now became evident. Slowly Kumassi rose from its ruins; but it did not attain to its former greatness. Internal party quarrels and civil wars prevented its rise for years to come. Even the royal seat, on which ten Ashanti kings of the ruling dynasty had established and made firm the glory of the realm, began to totter. The fall of Kumassi brought after In 1874 he saw it the fall of King Kofi Karikari. himself forced to abdicate. With the assistance of the influential queen-mother, Afua Kobi, who wished to preserve the power of the dynasty, his brother Mensa ascended the throne. Karikari retired into private life, and ten years later lost his life in the then raging party struggles, his neck being broken by an elephant's

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tusk. This was the end of the unfortunate ruler, who had intended to lead Ashanti onward to new glory, and for four years had in his hand the fate of the missionaries.

Under King Mensa, who was also dethroned in later years, the Bâle mission workers sought to probe the new state of affairs in Ashanti. Starting from the boundary stations, Abétifi and Kjebi, their missionaries thrice visited Kumassi, and offered the Gospel to the people of Ashanti. But Ashanti knew not the things that made for peace. The people allowed the missionaries to enter the capital, but it allowed them also to depart again, and would hear nothing of a mission.

But Mr. Ramseyer, who, after his liberation, had again resumed his missionary labours on the Gold Coast, was fired by the intense desire to enter Kumassi at some future time with the message of salvation. He did not give up the hope, that that hour would one day come. For twenty long years he hoped and prayed for it, and from the boundary station of Abétifi, established in the former province in Ashanti, in Okwawu, with a view to the evangelising of that state, he watched with eager gaze, for the time when the closed gates of Kumassi should be opened. And he did not hope in vain. In an unexpected way this time came, and Ashanti was ready for mission work.



THE DEPORTED KING PREMPEH AND HIS ATTENDANTS.



CHAPTER III.

THE FALL OF KUMASSI IN 1896.

Twenty-two years passed since the taking of Kumassi by the British. On January 17th, 1896, another English column was stationed before the capital of Ashanti. But this time no enemy barred the entrance, however warlike appearances might be. Without any opposition whatever, the English troops crossed the virgin forest, starting from the coast, passed the Prah, the boundary river, and entered the territory of Ashanti. Without a sword thrust, they were allowed to enter the capital. King Prempeh, who at first resisted English colonial rule, and brought the hurricane of war upon himself and his people, was now ready to submit unconditionally. To his horror, he became aware that one mightier than himself had come upon him, that the remaining days of his rule were few in number, and that Ashanti's power was sinking into the dust.

The humiliation suffered by Ashanti in 1874 had not served as a warning. England had dealt mercifully with the country then, for she had contented herself

with letting it feel her own superiority on the Gold Coast. She compelled Ashanti to make peace, and enforced some treaties, by which it had to defray the cost of the war, to open up commerce and intercourse with the coast, to abolish human sacrifices, and to renounce its claims to certain vassal states. But, instead of placing a garrison in the country, or at all events in the capital, to actually enforce the carrying out of these treaties, England retired from Ashanti and pursued a shortsighted colonial policy.

This anxious reserve did not escape the notice of Ashanti diplomats, and they renewed their deceitful game of bygone years. They took no notice of the treaties, since English colonial power no longer impressed them with a sense of might. They sought to arrest the decay of the realm by new feats in war. The provinces and tributary states that had fallen off, were to be recovered by the power of arms: the might and prestige of the kingdom were to be increased. So they began to terrify the neighbouring states from time to time, and to prepare for greater military undertakings. Repeatedly the English colonial Government was forced to warn them to keep within their bounds.

Then King Prempeh came to the throne in 1888. He thought that he was strong enough to resist the English, and to restore the faded grandeur of Ashanti power. In 1893 he endeavoured to subdue the tribe of the Nkoransa, which had settled to the north of Kumassi, and he declared that he was going to bring beneath his sway certain provinces under the

protectorate of the colony. At the same time he closed the routes for commerce between the coast and the interior, and so threw down the glove of war at England's feet.

England was compelled to accept the challenge, and came to the assistance of the tribes in danger. Ashanti now made a promise of good conduct, and England was deceived by the treacherous policy of her opponent. The troops stationed on the boundary were again withdrawn and the capital was not garrisoned. This action was naturally interpreted as weakness, and Ashanti's temerity was only increased thereby.

The king now went so far as to refuse negotiations with the English governor, and sent instead ambassadors to London, in order to negotiate with the Queen of England in person, and with the Colonial Office. They were neither admitted nor listened to, because they had circumvented the governor of the Gold Coast as the representative of They showed a false document in the Oueen. ratification of treaties that had been concluded. But two English officers from the Gold Coast were sent on September 26th to the King of Ashanti, who made the following demands in the name of their Government. Ashanti was to decide by October 31st, whether it would receive a British resident in Kumassi, would abandon its military enterprises, and would raise the bar to the commerce. In the event of a reply in the negative, force would be resorted to.

The 31st of October came, and Prempeh left the ultimatum unanswered. The king's refusal thereby indicated was wired to London on the same day, and from that hour an expedition to Ashanti was a settled matter. Not long afterwards, the leader of the expedition, Sir Francis Scott, embarked with his officers and troops for the Gold Coast. Two princes of the German royal house joined him, of whom one, Prince Henry of Battenberg, son-in-law to the Queen, was seized with fever on the march to Kumassi, and died on the return journey.

On the morning of January 17th, 1896, the vanguard of the English expedition was before Kumassi, and in the same hour the news of their entry into the capital was wired from the field to the coast, and from thence to England. A few hours later the remaining troops came up. King Prempeh now saw that he had staked too much upon his card in the hazardous game, and he ventured no opposition. At the news of the landing of English troops on the coast he had already lost courage, and at the end of December he sent three messengers to Mr. Ramseyer, asking him in writing to intercede with the governor for him and his people, and stating that he was ready to do everything that was demanded of him. But it was too late. The English army was already marching upon doomed Ashanti.

Scarcely had the English vanguard reached Kumassi, than King Prempeh prepared for their reception, as if they had only come to pay a visit to

his capital. From a long distance the hoarse beating of drums, and the many-voiced roar of a vast crowd assembled in front of the royal palace, were audible. The noise drew nearer, and the king appeared with his retinue. His drummers marched before him. zealously belabouring their skull-decked drums, as well as a number of horn-blowers, who were calling forth dismal tones from the hollowed tusks they used as instruments. Many-coloured tent-umbrellas, under which the chiefs were gravely walking along, rose above the crowds of people. Some dwarfs in red attire danced as if possessed in front of the monarch, and did all honour to their posts of court fools and jesters. Prempeh himself, a man of about thirty years of age, was enthroned on a litter, carried on the shoulders of four strong men, and shaded by a mighty umbrella. On his head he wore a kind of crown, and his arms and wrists were decorated with gold rings and other ornaments.

They halted on an open space, where the English troops had ranged themselves in horse-shoe form. The chieftains, officials, and courtiers halted near the king, while the queen-mother and her retinue, all with shaved heads, in token of mourning, took up their position beside him. In this position they awaited for hours the arrival of the English commander, who was still in the rear with his troops. When he arrived at last, King Prempeh was summoned, and received the intimation that he would have to declare his submission to the Governor of the Gold Coast at an

early date. The latter reached Kumassi on the following day. On the morning of January 20th at six o'clock the king was to appear before him, and receive his verdict from his lips.

At a very early hour the English troops were under arms. A kind of platform had been erected out of some provision-boxes, and on this the governor, the commander, and one of the chief officers were to take their seats. But the sixth and seventh hour struck, and no king appeared. Then the patience of the waiting people was at an end. An officer went with a troop of soldiers to the royal palace, surrounded it, and under threat of violence, demanded the immediate appearance of the king. The latter saw clearly that resistance would be vain, and appeared with his retinue, among which were his mother, father, one of his brothers, and two uncles.

When they had taken up their position opposite to the governor and his military surroundings, the latter addressed the king in a speech, which condemned Prempeh's policy as having compelled England to undertake this campaign. Ashanti would therefore have to pay the cost of the expedition, amounting to fifty thousand ounces of gold (about £180,000), at once, and the king was to declare his submission. Prempeh wished to answer. But he was told that he must first lay aside his crown and sandals, and perform the ceremony of submission. Everything else would then follow.

A painful scene followed. The king rose in silence, and accompanied by the queen-mother,



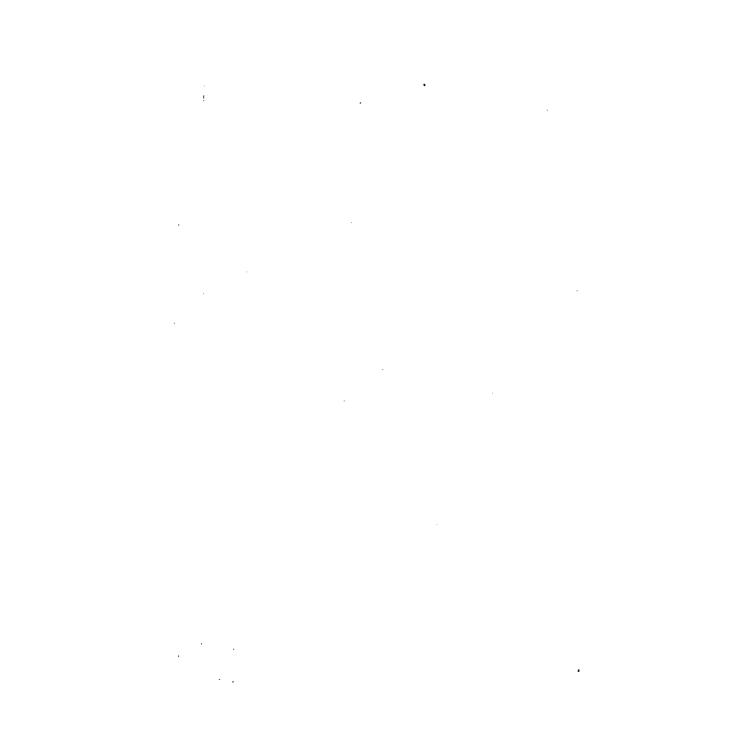
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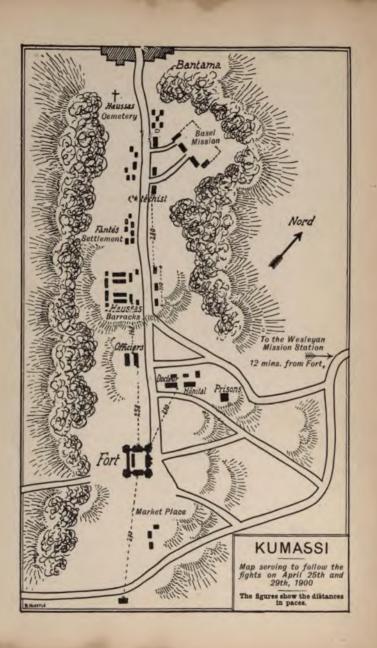
approached the platform bareheaded and barefooted. Here both fell at the feet of the English officers, and clasped them with bowed heads. Then they returned to their places. In silence the assembled people of Ashanti watched their king's act of humiliation. With regard to the demanded money compensation for the war, Prempeh declared that what the State Treasury contained at the moment was at the governor's immediate disposal, and the remainder should be paid in instalments.

But the latter was not satisfied with this. He argued that the same promise had been made, and not kept, twenty-two years before, when the same sum had been demanded of conquered Ashanti. The governor alluded to that case, showing thereby how little their promises were to be relied upon. He therefore declared that the king, the queen-mother, the king's two uncles, his brother and the chief councillors of the country were English prisoners, till the indemnity was paid to the uttermost farthing. Two days later the prisoners of the royal house were on their way to the coast, accompanied by a powerful escort.

In this way Ashanti's fate was sealed. The English governor, Sir W. Maxwell, continued for some time in the capital to settle the new organisation of the country. He called together the most respected chiefs, and made them sign the treaties. According to these, the several territories and towns were placed under English colonial government. Several larger towns, with their chiefs at their head, received the British

flag in token of their recognition of British supremacy. Kumassi too, the former ruler of vast territories and numerous tribes, was to limit its rule to its own town and the places belonging to it. The kingdom of Ashanti was henceforward non-existent. The realm, which but a few decades back had been so firmly established, was now uprooted, and became a kingdom of the past.





CHAPTER IV.

KUMASSI, THE SEAT OF HEATHEN HORRORS.

Just as Kumassi had been for nearly two hundred years the centre of the Ashanti kingdom, so it had been hitherto the place where the horrors of African paganism were fearfully evident. Amongst the blackest pages of Kumassi history are the cruel and bloody human sacrifices, offered every year by hundreds to the royal ancestors, or at the different festivals in honour of the people or the fetishes. The barbarity of such occasions has scarcely had its equal throughout history, and whoever has read the horrible details, or—as in the case of the imprisoned missionaries—seen them personally, has certainly remembered the text, that the dark places of the earth are filled with dwellings of iniquity.

And as human sacrifice in Ashanti was a custom, hallowed by the fetish worship of the people, so the capital was always a huge seat of slavery, full of misery and wretchedness. Not only were a great number of the inhabitants in a condition of slavery, and subject to the despotic sway of the great ones

of the kingdom, but numerous transports of halfstarved weakened slaves came to Kumassi every year, as booty or military tribute from distant provinces and tributary states.

Not only the powerless slave-population, but also the remaining inhabitants of Ashanti were oppressed in the most heartless way by Kumassi, and ruled with relentless tyranny. Its laws were written in blood, and the smallest faults were punished with the cruellest severity. Only by means of a reign of terror could Kumassi keep the several component parts of its realm together; and by devastating campaigns and bloody vengeance it suppressed every independent action in its provinces. Dread idolatry, with its countless fetish laws, held the inhabitants of Kumassi spellbound, while the light of

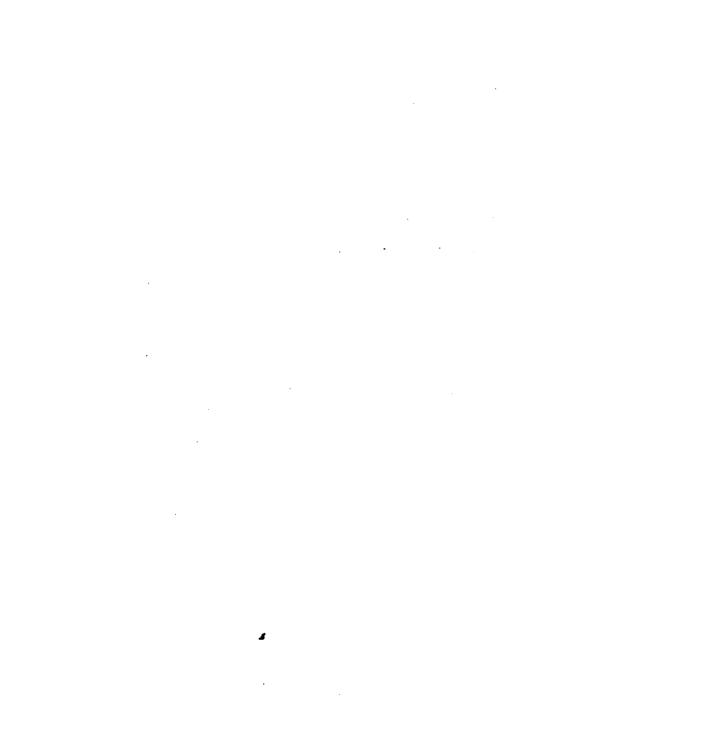
the gospel was intentionally kept at a distance.

All this came to an end with the fall of Kumassi, and the collapse of the Ashanti kingdom. Even the places where the executioners carried out their bloody tasks, the butchery of thousands of miserable beings, the dark fetish groves, where their bones grew white and lay piled in heaps, where the vultures peered down from the high trees upon their

prey-all these places of horror and decay were now

cleansed by the English, and all signs of their former use removed. The horror of paganism was banished henceforward, at least as far as outward manifestation was concerned. Everywhere the governor demanded the knives of butchery to be given up, and the knifesystem had come to an end.





Such was the fate of Bantama, the mortuary residence of the Ashanti kings. The fetish grove there with the mausoleum, in the cells of which the skeletons of former rulers of Ashanti were preserved, jointed with golden wire—these sites were laid low with gun-cotton and burned.

The English troops found that the ground round about was wet and soaked with human blood. Only a few traces of the former royal place of death remained, together with a few trees, as witnesses of former days, till they too disappeared a short time ago.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEGINNING OF MISSION WORK IN KUMASSI.

A MORE peaceful entry followed hard upon the ingress of the English on January 17th, 1896. In the beginning of February mission work was begun in Kumassi.

Not knowing exactly what had happened in the neighbouring Ashanti during the time, the missionaries at the boundary station, Abétifi, were most anxiously waiting for news from thence. On January 25th, a special messenger from the camp in Kumassi arrived, and brought to Mr. Ramseyer a writing from the governor's own hand. The latter announced the entry of the British troops into the capital, the submission of Ashanti, together with the fact that Kumassi, as well as the whole of the country, was open to mission work. That was a strange turn of events, and a plain indication that it was right to enter the opened doors at once.

A few days afterwards, on February 4th, the twenty-second anniversary of the first conquest of Ashanti, Mr. Ramseyer with his nephew Perregaux



APETE SENI, "YULTURES' ABODE," WHERE THE DEAD BODIES WERE THROWN ALL THE YEAR LONG.

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and the catechist Sm. Kwafo, a native helper, started for Kumassi. It was with strange emotions that he entered the city after several days' march: there he had stayed as a prisoner; now he came as a messenger of God to a humbled people. From his station at Abétifi he had gradually sent forward outposts towards Kumassi, and by the stationing of these outposts, the capital had been brought nearer by several days' marches; but the goal proper, Kumassi, had been unattainable until now, although the Bâle Mission had kept it in view for fifty years.

Now Mr. Ramseyer was privileged to carry the gospel there, and full of joy he could write from thence on February 10th: "In Kumassi once more! It is no longer a dream. I am here again, and am allowed to say: Kumassi is now a Basel (Bâle) missionary station. The Lord has heard the prayers of His children! All Ashanti lies open before us. And this is not only an expression of our hopes. All the seven chief towns of Ashanti are open doors to us: in the north and northeast of Kumassi, Agona, Mampong, Nsuta, Kumawu, as far as. Nkoransa. We are asked by some of these towns to settle in them."

"In Ashanti," he continues, "such a revolution has taken place as I never should have imagined. As one that dreams, I stand in the streets of Kumassi, which gives one a picture of what is happening throughout the whole of Ashanti. Where there was formerly a complex mass of houses and streets, everything has been plained and levelled, and numbers of workmen

are employed in dragging up the roots of the felled fetish trees, beneath which so many human beings have been butchered, and others are exploding rocks. The foundation of a fort is being laid in the middle of the town on the market place. The place of skulls, near the market place (where King Prempeh was forced to humble himself and declare his submission in the face of his people) is cleared; only a number of large trees are still standing. But at their foot lie heaps of human bones, although for days past human bones have been burnt. These horrors! And yet there have been voices heard at home, protesting against interference with the Ashantis. One look at the place of skulls, the 'Apete Seni' (i.e., place of vultures), would assuredly silence them."

Deeply moved by what he saw and lived through, after twenty-five years, Mr. Ramseyer made his circuit through the town. Among other places this took him to the king's palace, crowded formerly with royal courtiers, but now lonely and desolate. Only here and there some stray visitor was wandering through the courts and halls, while a native soldier was guarding the place. The gabled buildings of the great courts of assembly were also deserted. The small group of trees near the royal abode appeared also devoid of all importance. And yet this was the place "nkra-wom," the "blood-sodden" grove, where the slaughter of the human sacrifices took place. Not far from it was the burial-place of the royal relatives. This also was rased to the ground.





With deep emotion Mr. Ramseyer also entered the former court of justice, "mpremoso," for here the ransom of the captive missionaries had been hotly argued in January 1872, when they were to be sold for £1,000. Then the king with his mother, and surrounded by his retinue, stood on a raised space in the pillared aisle, while the prisoners, waiting in anxious expectation, sat at the other end of the court with the interpreters, and servants of the court. Who would have foreseen how the times were to change? And now he had to visit two fallen great ones of the kingdom: the former King Mensa and his mother, Afua Kobi.

Mensa, as already stated, had in his time succeeded his brother, Kofi Karikari, on the throne, and had shown himself to be more cruel than all his predecessors; for in his reign an unwonted number of human sacrifices took place. But he too, who had intentionally kept all missionaries outside his boundaries, was forced to abdicate. Mr. Ramseyer met him with his mother in the small courtyard of a wretched house. They seemed to be pleased with his visit, for they repeatedly pressed his hand.

The poor "nana" (queen-mother), who twenty-five years before was already aged, and then had appeared with a grand retinue, now trembled all over. "Friend, friend! is it really you? See what has become of us." Thus the old woman exclaimed to her acquaintance of old. For him it was a sad sight that cut him to the heart, when he saw these formerly great personages sitting

before him. And yet they wished to keep up appearances to a certain extent. Afua had thrown a robe of yellow silk about her, and Mensa had folded a coloured cloth about his head, probably as a mark of former royalty. It was a touching meeting after twenty-five years.*

Mr. Ramseyer walked, as a man in a dream does, through the streets and public places in Kumassi, and meditatively he stood in front of the ruins of the mortuary residence, Bantama. Remnants of former cells for the dead still rose from those ruins. They had served as consecrated places of rest to the skeletons of departed Ashanti monarchs. The remainder of the tree opposite was still visible, and beneath it the victims of sacrifice had awaited their deathblow. Now all that is passed away, praised be God.

With similar feelings, Mr. Ramseyer went to the village of Duro, near Kumassi, near which he and his companions in misfortune had been forced to spend the time between May and December 1870, in miserable huts made of rushes by the side of the forest, until they had been allowed to migrate to the capital. They had called their forest home Ebenezer, in grateful remembrance of the Lord's help, so wonderfully vouch-safed to them so far. Now he was able to bear the news to the people of that village also, that for them too a time of liberty and peace had come.

The former "forest nest," near which the captives

^{*} Since then the late King Mensa has poisoned himself; Afua Kobi died during the Ashanti rising.



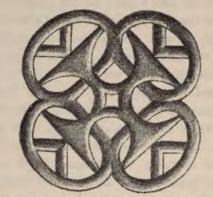


had so often had to appear before the grandees of the capital close by, had since then decayed and become a desert. But Ramseyer cut his way through with a bush-knife, and soon he stood before the mighty tree, which had formerly risen in the midst of the little settlement, and beneath the shade of which they were wont to take their meagre meals. Yes, that was the place that awakened so many memories of the days of captivity. There was no lack of material for the sermon, which was now delivered in the streets of Duro.

But, however much impressed by thronging memories, they were not to be given way to. The missionaries had come to prepare a place for the gospel in Kumassi under these changed circumstances. Of his own accord the English governor offered the most friendly assistance. In two great assemblies of the people, at which the chieftains had been present in order to sign the treaties, and do homage to the English Government, he made mention of missionary enterprise, and stated that the whole country was open to it, as well as to commerce. He also provided a separate home for missionary work, by setting apart for it a piece of land on the road between Kumassi and Bantama, upon which the future station was to be erected.

Full of praise and thanksgiving they took possession of the land, and in the meantime the catechist Kwafo, who had come with them, was stationed in Kumassi. He was to erect a few temporary huts for the first beginnings, until Mr. Ramseyer and his wife, who

twenty-five years before had shared with him the sufferings of captivity, should be able to occupy his new and yet old station. A West Indian soldier of the expedition forces, a Christian negro, gave the first contribution to this mission. As he was conversing one day in Kumassi with the missionary assistant, and heard of the proposed undertaking, he took two shillings out of his pocket, and devoted them to the use of the mission in Kumassi.



ORNAMENT IN RED CLAY IN THE KING'S PALACE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BELL OF HO.

We return once more to those days in Kumassi. In the midst of the heathen town, in the branches of a many-armed, mighty banyan-tree, there hangs a church bell, weather-beaten to the last degree. willingly listen to its story. Many a sad tale can be told of it, for that innocent bell has been a prisoner of the Ashantis more than twenty-five years, and has only gained its freedom by the fall of Kumassi. We do not know who cast that bell, or from what workshop it came; it certainly had its first home in Germany. From thence it was shipped to West Africa, and found its place on the belfry of the little chapel at Ho, a station of the North German Mission in Togo of to-day. Here for many years it invited Christians and heathens to the house of God, and accompanied many missionary brethren on their last journey with its knell. So on the height of Ho, it did its missionary work for many a year. But other times were to come, it was to serve another master.

On June 25th, 1869, the station of Ho underwent

the same fate as the neighbouring Anum. The Ashantis, who had already laid waste the northern territories, had destroyed Anum, and had led away the missionary brethren as prisoners, now pressed forward to the neighbourhood of Ho. The missionaries saw themselves obliged to leave everything behind them and go to the south, in order not to fall into the hands of the enemy. The missionary station,

afternoon of June 25th. The bell fell down from the burning chapel, and was carried as booty into the enemy's camp. Here it remained for two years, and accompanied the Ashanti army on its campaigns on the opposite side of the Volta, until the returning commander, Adu Bofo, took it with him to Kumassi.

During his entry into the capital, on September 4th, 1871, with about twenty thousand men in all splendour,

beautifully laid out upon a hill, was attacked, plundered, and burnt to the ground by the Ashantis on the

before the king and people, the bell that had been taken from Ho was carried in front of Adu Bofo, as the most glorious trophy of the campaign, and, by its far-sounding ring, was made to increase the pomp of the military spectacle. It had to render the same service in the course of the ensuing twenty-five years at funeral festivities and other important occasions in

the capital—the church bell at noisy heathen rites!

But it was not forgotten. When Mr. Ramseyer
was in Kumassi in 1896, he remembered his former
companion in misfortune, and inquired after its fate.

He learned from the English governor, that he had



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found it in Kumassi, and had intended to employ it in the fort, that was now in building, that it might tell the people the time. Mr. Ramseyer now told him the life-history of the bell, and expressed the wish that it might be given up to the mission in Kumassi, so that after its liberation it might once more resume the service of the Lord. His desire was willingly granted; but it appeared that the bell had lost its sound. The rough treatment it had received at the hands of the heathens had caused a crack, and hoarse tones only could be drawn from the bell. It had celebrated its liberation from the hands of the heathens, but it was not destined to ring in peace in Ashanti. Its metallic notes were silent for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSION HOME IN KUMASSI.

June 1896 drew near. The rainy season had long set in, and had changed all the roads into swamps. Tornadoes (violent thunderstorms) swept over the land, and rased to the ground many a virgin forest tree weakened by age. With difficulty only can travellers pursue their weary way along the trackless paths, and whoever is not forced to travel remains at home during this season.

In those days, Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer said farewell to the station Abetifi, on which they had worked for nearly twenty years, and began their journey to Ashanti. Amid pouring rain and the thunder-bolts of a mighty storm, they entered Kumassi on June 11th. They found for the time being but a meagre home. The three huts, which the assistant had erected meanwhile, were poor enough. The walls which were made of plaited osiers, branches, and sticks, covered with clay, were low and weak; the floor consisted of earth stamped down, and the light roofs of palm-leaves were no protection against either rain or dust. The

narrow space just allowed for the laying down of mattresses.

What a contrast between their comfortable station at Abétifi, which they had left a few days before, and these miserable huts surrounded by water! But the hearty welcome and the brotherly care they received from the new catechist, J. Adaye, and his wife, helped them over these first hours at Kumassi. In the way of furniture, they only possessed a small table with room for two plates; dried snails, with a peppery broth, formed the chief ingredients in their midday meal, as in the days of their imprisonment. There was just a dearth in the land, and the intercourse with the coast was not regulated; but, full of praise and thanksgiving, they approached the place where, as prisoners, they had suffered so much misery.

But soon things looked more habitable, and the simple, plain home became a place endeared to all. Improvements were made. Trees were felled, among them five mighty silk cotton-trees, the gigantic trunks of which caused much trouble, as the raging fire could not consume them quickly enough. The land round about was cleared, and a bright little garden was laid out with bud and blossom; not far from it, a stately orange-tree shaded the little homestead. Thus the new settlement, not far from the former mortuary residence, Bantama, soon assumed a kindly aspect.

Now the work of building proper was begun, and cheerfully they set to work. Hard wood was felled and sawed; the work of bricklayers and carpenters was done, to rear a building for the present, which was subsequently to serve as a secondary building. For the services, they made use of a small open bamboo hut. Meanwhile, the missionaries had a further task assigned to them. On October 1st, 1896, therefore, three months after their entry into Kumassi, a large previously announced caravan of freed slaves, whom the resident had asked Mr. Ramseyer to kindly take care of, appeared at the station.

There was a great number of them, twenty-four women and thirty-five children, which an English officer had taken from the slave-dealers in the interior of the country. They had originally been seized as booty by the famous man-hunter, Samory, who had slain all the men. The caravan was the very picture of misery. Most of the slaves were like wandering skeletons, and a large number of the children were so ill that they could hardly stand. The first thing to be done was to feed, clothe, and care for them. A shed was hastily erected for them, and the poor things were well looked after. At first the task was not a grateful one. The bad life of the women caused much misery, and nineteen of the children died in consequence of the privations they had endured. In the midst of the primeval forest they rest in the quiet cemetery.

One year afterwards Kumassi wore a different aspect to what it had done when missionary enterprise made its entry into the former capital of Ashanti. Beneath

the old trees, where formerly the bones of the slaughtered whitened, to-day the maize is growing. On the right our attention is attracted by the well-stocked market; in the little valley below stands the deserted palace of the Ashanti kings. In the midst of an open space, the English are still erecting a Fort, that is to be a place of refuge and shelter to them in time of need. We pass the homes of the English officials, the Mahometan quarters, and a camp of Hausa soldiers, who, together with the resident and their own officers, form the English garrison of the place. We enter upon the broad and crowded road leading to Bantama. A merry schoolboy trudges at his ease towards the east. We walk on for a few minutes, and find ourselves as if by magic in the midst of the new buildings, huts, sheds, barracks, and workshops of the new Bale missionary station, Kumassi.

It is a lively picture. Bricklayers, carpenters, and fitters are hard at work, raising the principal building of the station. In the midst of them Mr. Ramseyer and Mr. Kirchner are employed. There is a merry ring about the place when the axe strikes the roots of the mighty giants of the virgin forest. A group of women come up with stones, a small troop of children after them carrying water. None is too small to help, every one gives his mite to the whole. It is a pleasure to be amongst them. It seems as if Zion's walls were being built up. The task is gaily carried on, daily begun with courage renewed by earnest prayer.

Now the ringing of the bell calls to the school, erected already in the first year. It has fifty scholars. The freed slave children are among them, freed from their misery, and thriving splendidly. But also the sons of former great chiefs are amongst them; original, strong, and clever boys, who are a source of pleasure to their teacher, Mr. Zellweger. A simple building, sixty feet in length, is their schoolroom, and on Sunday divine service is held there too.

enterprise was planted in Kumassi. Soon it gave forth other shoots, and youthful green branches throughout the country. Mr. Ramseyer visited the most important towns of Ashanti, and everywhere he found a kindly welcome. The more important towns, Mampong and Agona, were first provided with native missionary helpers, and schools were called into existence there. Soon eight further towns were occupied as outer stations, and the network of missionary stations throughout the country, and especially towards the north, kept continually increasing.

So after a year's time the first shoot of missionary

Mr. Ramseyer even undertook a missionary journey to the sacred lake of Bosomtshve, south-east of Kumassi, the shores of which no stranger had hitherto dared to approach. Solitary and calm lies the lake, nestling amongst the hills, surrounded by forest green, and separated from the rest of the world. The many villages lying on its quiet shores are exclusively inhabited by fishing folk, who follow their occupation there. They supply the territory of





Ashanti far and near with dried fish, and have no other intercourse with the world at large. The numerous population of the lake villages received Mr. Ramseyer in a friendly way, and begged for teachers.

It was a special joy for the missionaries in the midst of their initial difficulties, that, on December 12th, 1897, the first converts of Ashanti, three young men, could be baptised in Kumawu, a place two days' journey from Kumassi, to the northeast, and in a healthy and elevated position. The first converts of Kumassi followed their example at Christmas in the same year: an old mother, with her two daughters, and two young men, besides a few children. Thus the delightful beginning of Christian communities was made in Ashanti. But at the same time the new station, Kumassi, which was to be the centre of the whole work in Ashanti, was stricken heavily.

On the evening of December 5th, 1897, fearing nothing, the missionaries went to bed. Then in the distance the hoarse rumbling of thunder became audible. With wild rapidity a thunderstorm drew near. The forest rustled weirdly, and the wind became a hurricane. Everything was fastened down securely, for heavy household utensils were already flying around. With anxiety they looked upon the new missionary home that was only half thatched with shingles, and that they hoped so soon to occupy. Suddenly the whirlwind seized its roof, raised it on high, and threw

it with a frightful crash upon the storey underneath, so that its posts and beams were smashed and hurled to the ground. The stately building was reduced to a ruin. Dumb with grief, the missionaries stood beside it, and yet they had every cause for thanksgiving, since not one of them had been hurt or injured in the crash.

But still greater sorrow lay before them. A year later, in the beginning of December 1898, the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Haasis, who had formerly worked in Abétifi, and had now renewed their strength in their European home, arrived to reinforce the staff in Kumassi. The building of the station was almost completed, several new posts had been occupied throughout the country, so that there were now thirteen of them beside Kumassi; the number of scholars had risen to four hundred, that of the members of the Church to one hundred and thirteen—everything bore a hopeful aspect.

Then Mr. Haasis sickened, a few months after his arrival, and, as if by a blasting wind, was torn from the midst of his brethren, and from his wife. He died on Good Friday, March 31st, 1898. Kumassi had its missionary grave now too.

Meanwhile the missionary work had assumed a more regulated character, since the building that had taken up so much time was now at an end. Mr. Jost from Abetifi took the place of the departed Mr. Haasis, and he married at the end of 1899. After the departure of Mr. Kirchner, the still unmarried missionary, Weller,

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increased the small number of the missionary workers. In Kumawu, Nsuta, and Asokore, several persons could be baptised, the number of scholars increased, and the missionary journeys showed that a vast area had been opened up to mission work in Ashanti. But owing to the suspicions and despotic attitude of the chiefs, oppression of the Christians and candidates for baptism was noticeable.

The fear of these tribal chiefs deterred many from joining the Christians. Besides, the new state of things in Kumassi made work more difficult. In 1896 it had become a garrisoned town. Not only were Mahometan Hausa soldiers encamped there, but dealers in intoxicants, and other people from the coast, with their pretended civilisation, had settled in the place, and did not add to the moral elevation of the people's life. The Ashanti chiefs (at least many of them) wrathfully submitted to the new state of affairs, all the more conscious of their subjugation by England's power, since they themselves were at the time without a king and ruler of their own. The political relations remained doubtful.

The feeling of impotence weighed upon the Ashantis, and longingly they looked out for the return of their former King Prempeh. They did not give up the hope of its possibility. A negro can always wait, because for him time does not come into consideration. Now and then rumours were spread abroad that the tribes were preparing a revolt, and not only did Mr. Ramseyer several times warn the Government,

74 DARK AND STORMY DAYS AT KUMASSI.

but even Ashanti princes like those of Mampong and Bekwae, being loyally disposed, warned the English resident in Kumassi. But little heed was given to these rumours, for a revolt was looked upon as impossible. And yet it was to come at a time when it was least expected.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR.

It was a time of excitement and suspense, when in March 1900, the news reached Kumassi that the governor, Sir Frederick Hodgson, would soon enter the former capital of Ashanti. His predecessor, Sir W. Maxwell, who had accompanied the expedition of 1896, and had incorporated Ashanti with the Gold Coast Colony, had succumbed to a disastrous fever on his return journey to Europe. Sir Frederick Hodgson had succeeded him in office, and he was a man who had been a superior official on the Gold Coast for almost ten years before his appointment.

Now, since the territories of Ashanti were subject to him, as governor, he wished to inspect this portion of the colony and discuss some important questions of authority with the resident at Kumassi. He seemed to be particularly desirous of obtaining from the Ashantis, at least a part of the lapsed indemnity of fifty thousand ounces of gold. Besides, the governor wished to make it quite clear to the leaders of the people, that Ashanti power was destroyed for ever, and that the still extant

members of the royal family, more especially their absent King Prempeh, had no chance whatever of ascending the throne of their ancient dynasty.

They ought to have known that these demands would surely wound the pride of the Ashantis, and they did not like to give credit to the rumours that Ashanti had long been looking for its opportunity to shake off the detested English yoke; and although it was known that large quantities of ammunition had been stored in some village, it was looked upon as an absolute impossibility that any preparations might have quietly been made, especially since the tribes were disunited. And of the Ashanti chiefs there were some who, remembering the former oppression of the Ashanti kings and their grandees, preferred to take their stand beneath the British flag.

Yet, so little was a serious revolt of the Ashanti tribes taken into consideration, that the governor looked upon his whole journey to Kumassi as a simple and interesting visit, and even let his wife take part in it. A following of officers, servants, and carriers accompanied the high dignitaries from Accra. But how different their return journey was to be!

On March 25th, 1900, they formally entered Kumassi. All the country's chiefs had been invited to receive them on this day. On the open space in front of the fort they and their numerous retinues had taken up their position. A band went to meet the expected guests, and the missionary scholars greeted them with a song at the entrance to the city.

The governor's wife was presented with a beautiful bouquet, and in an orderly procession they went on to the fort. English flags were waving on its battlements, and a triumphal arch was erected in the market place. Amidst a roar of cannons and beating of drums the guests entered.

The entry was followed on the afternoon of March 28th by the official salutation in the market place. There the governor's wishes and demands from the tribal chiefs were to be expressed. In a large semicircle the chieftains sat beneath their manycoloured state umbrellas, behind them were their officials and thousands of sightseers. His Excellency the Governor appeared in full-dress uniform, and seated himself beneath a canopy. At his feet was spread a luxurious carpet; about ten of the Europeans present were seated on his right- and left-hand side. One chieftain after the other now stepped up to the representative of the British Queen and shook hands with him, while he exchanged a few words with each. Then the governor delivered an address to the assembled people nearly in the following words:-

"Kings, chiefs, and elders of Ashanti. It gives me great pleasure to greet you here to-day. I have long had the wish to come hither, but was always prevented from doing so, and I thank you for the reception you gave me on Sunday. I imagine you desired to express your sympathy, not so much to me as to our great Queen, in whose name and at whose behest I speak to you to-day. You have been now under the new

rule for the last four years, and you must say for yourselves, that you have fared well under it. Everyone is now free in Ashanti, human sacrifices have been abolished, and in these four years of perfect peace everybody is able to travel through the whole country without being molested. Commerce is flourishing in

without being molested. Commerce is flourishing in a very satisfactory way, and lately the riches of the soil, the gold, is exploited, not only for the benefit of the miners, but also for your own welfare.

"Concerning King Prempeh, I must inform you today that Prempeh will never again behold this country.

It is known to us that you have kept up communications with him, and have sent him money twice. We have quietly allowed this. But if this continues, we can transport him to a different place, where it will be impossible for you to communicate with him. But I should be sorry for Prempeh himself if we had to

remove him from his native country, Africa.

"You also know—it is, in fact, your own custom—that the vanquished pay the cost of war. In 1874, in Fomana, you signed a paper, pledging yourselves to pay to us fifty thousand ounces of gold, to which are added the costs of the last expedition. I do not mean to say that you are to pay that, but you must pay

a yearly tribute as interest. Kumassi is to pay one hundred and twenty-five pereguans (£1,000), Dschweso

and Mampong about the same sum." (Here followed the names of about twenty chiefs and what they had to pay.) And now the governor continued: "Why do I not sit on your royal chair to-day? I am the

representative of our great Queen, who is now your Queen, and I ought to sit on the royal chair* instead of sitting on a common stool. Why have you not brought it? But I will not say more about it for the present."

Then the chiefs passed one by one in front of the governor, and shook hands with him according to custom, and the ceremony was at an end.

* Twenty-eight years ago, when captives at Kumassi, we often saw the king's stool carried in procession. It is a rather large "country stool," made of one piece of wood, but black from human blood. As it is very old the stool had to be repaired with large strips of gold. Besides that, on both sides were golden chains hanging with two bells of massive gold. But I never heard of a massive golden stool.—F. R.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORM BREAKS.

SILENTLY and with a serious mien the tribal chiefs of Ashanti had listened to the governor's address, silently and apparently in peace they departed. But the demands of their lord had brought great excitement among them. The fire of repressed anger, that had long been glowing beneath the cloak of external submission, shot up into a wild flame when they reached their quarters. Now, if ever, the moment had come to offer open opposition. They perhaps knew well that England's military power was occupied in South Africa, so that the hands of the Government were thereby tied. Besides, the then garrison of Kumassi only consisted of a small troop, and the military escort of the governor was none too strong.

And now the chiefs from the surrounding places united to deliberate. At first some were in favour of waiting to see if the money would really be asked from them, but more influential chiefs decided upon raising the banner of revolt. Especially the tribal chiefs of the Kumassi district fanned the flame of insurrection. But a few of

the princes, particularly from the northern territories, and the common people would have nothing to do with it, but others were prepared for the worst. Only the kindling spark was wanting in order to bring about the explosion.

On Saturday, March 31st, under the command of two officers, a small expedition set out for Bare, a place about eight hours from Kumassi, where as it was rumoured, a great lot of ammunition was stored, and where possibly the so-called golden stool had found a hiding-place. But they were saluted in the place with a very hail of bullets. The Ashantis had taken up arms against their Government, and had set out upon the war-path. A fight ensued, and after having visited Bare and other places, the English were forced to retreat, and fight their way to the neighbourhood of Kumassi. The revolt spread in all directions, and the reports that reached Kumassi, as well as the conduct of the people round about, made the missionaries fear that dark times were coming. It is true some of the chieftains assured them that the excitement would soon be appeased and that it would scarcely come to a revolt; but Mr. Ramseyer was not so sure about it, and knew that the Ashantis were not to be trusted according to their own proverb: "The man who has been bitten by a snake, fears the earth-worm also."

On Sunday, April 1st, the missionaries had a most exciting day and a false alarm, when seeing the people running towards the town and shouting, "The rebels are coming," they thought it their duty, especially

with regard to the three ladies, to seek refuge in the They were the more encouraged to do so, that it had been told them that in time of danger the fort would give them refuge. As quickly as possible they packed some of their things and with Mrs. R---- who is partly lame—driven in a go-cart, they came halfway to the fort. There they were met by an officer who, annoved, rebuked them for coming to the fort without being called, and even followed by their people with goods and provisions, so making the work of the Government much more difficult. There being no real danger yet, they returned to their houses, which from that time were guarded every night by a picket of twelve soldiers. But what a time of great excitement the following days were, and if by night they had a few sentries, they kept nevertheless fast to the words: "If

Much exciting news concerning their catechists and teachers on the outstations reached them, but how far they were true, nobody could say. The fearful tidings came one day that their good friend, Catechist Ottu at Takyimangtia, had been beheaded, and his wife and children given away. How their hearts bled at this news. Nevertheless they still hoped it might not be true.

the Lord does not," etc.—Ps. cxxvii. 1.

The governor viewed the state of affairs in a less serious light. He looked upon the movement only as a demonstration, and hoped to quell it with the help of the faithful princes of Mampong, Djabeng, and Agona. But this hope showed itself to be vain, and on

April 4th, he found it necessary to wire to the coast for reinforcements. At the same time he informed the troops in the interior of his position. He hoped thereby to see peace restored within a few weeks.

And really it seemed sometimes as if the rebels were not yet sure about what they would do. The road to the coast remained open, and Messrs. Daw and Gordon, of the Gold Mining Corporation at Oboase, who had come to Kumassi for a visit, were able in those days—together with Captain Davidson Houston—to go on their way to Bekwae unmolested. But soon after came more exciting news; for instance, the rumour that an European gold-miner, who had come to Nkawe to prospect for gold, had been seized and beheaded.

Until April 8th the revolt seems to have been restricted to the neighbourhood of Kumassi; but from that time it began to extend, and on the 18th inst. the governor announced by messengers, since the telegraphic connection with the coast had been broken by the rebels, that Kumassi was surrounded by insurgents, and that the position might become very serious if the troops demanded did not arrive soon. On the following day the rising of other tribes was announced, together with the fact that the rebels had attacked the loyal Bekwae (south of Kumassi, on the route to the coast) in order to force them to join the rebellion.

For the missionaries Ramseyer and Jost, Mrs. Haasis, and Mr. Weller, these were days of great

anxiety and excitement. Many rumours of risings were spreading through the town, and one after the other their servants and scholars fled. The mission-aries, finding the position more critical, allowed the wives of the agents of Kumassi to go for a time to Abetifi. They took with them their children, and the girl of our good friend the native minister Rev. Boateng at Bompapa. This exodus was painful to them; but afterwards how thankful were the mission-aries for the escape of these! Food was unattainable at any price. Close at hand the armed rebel hordes were menacing, and they did not know what to expect from them.

Then came the question: What are we to do? Are we to remain at our post under all circumstances, or shall we take refuge in the fort? What was to become of the slave-children, whose care we had undertaken, since we were not sure whether they, too, would be admitted to the fort? But we were obliged to admit that, although it might appear braver and more faithful to receive the foe at the door and to sacrifice one's life at any cost, yet it was an open question whether it would be of service to the Mission. For there are examples in the life of Christ Himself and His apostles, that they escaped from the hand of their enemies. Besides that, Mr. Ramseyer, who had the whole responsibility, especially with regard to the three ladies, had constantly before him what had happened to the missionaries and their wives three to four years ago in the hinterland of Sierra

Leone, where they had been butchered. So they waited for a time till dire necessity should force them to take this extreme step. And this moment came.

It was April 25th. In the midst of continual disturbance day and night they had to be ready to meet an attack of the Ashantis, for the latter now considered themselves strong enough to give battle. This was indicated by the fact that they appeared in the immediate vicinity of the town, and caught up several people here and there. In this time of worry and anxiety the brethren received much consolation from the text (Jer. xxxi. 28): "So will I watch over them to build and to plant, saith the Lord." In this assurance they went to their duties as before; but on that morning, hearing that one of their Christians who had gone to fetch water at the river had been caught by the Ashantis, and soon after hearing two shots, and learning that a poor man who had gone to fetch firewood near the station had been shot and beheaded, Mr. Ramseyer wrote in haste to Captain Armitage to ask the governor to allow them to seek refuge at least in the officers' quarters, for danger was at hand, and the hour had come to think of the security of the three ladies.

Anxiously waiting for the answer, they saw about ten o'clock a troop of prisoners passing, with the dead body of a Hausa soldier, and some soldiers as escort. But scarcely had the funeral procession passed the mission house on the road

towards Bantama, when suddenly shots were fired, and the shooting of the Hausa guns became audible. What did it mean? That was no salute over the grave of a Hausa soldier. And again bullets cracked, while the prisoners hurried back at a run. At the same time the few scholars came rushing in from school, and cried, pointing towards Bantama: "The Ashantis are coming—the Ashantis."

Now they were forced to act. First they had to place Mrs. Ramseyer in safety, as she could only walk very slowly on account of her lameness. Mr. Ramseyer therefore hastily procured the little two-wheeled cart and fetched his wife, who would, however, hear nothing of flight to the fort until the governor had answered. Time was pressing. Soon the little cart went off with Mrs. Ramseyer, whose entreaties had been vain, drawn by the few attendants and scholars they had, Mr. Ramseyer behind hastening the party, for the Ashantis were firing not far behind. They were followed by the rest of the missionary brethren, and Mrs. Haasis with the slave-children, who took their few treasures, dresses, books, slates, and dolls with them.

An officer who met the fugitives on the road, expressed his regret at the critical situation, and asked them to take up their abode for the time being in two upper rooms of his house. Here they settled, as well as on the upper verandah; but with what feelings, when they thought of their deserted station! The flight had to take place so rapidly,



LEAVING THE STATION FOR THE FORT.

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that, with the exception of Mr. Weller, who could take his trunk with him, which since the first of April had been kept ready, no one had anything beyond what he or she was wearing. Only a few woollen blankets was Mrs. Haasis able to seize. It was high time for action, for already shots were audible in the direction of Bantama not far from the station. A few men whom Mr. Ramseyer intended to send back to the station to fetch absolute necessaries were not allowed to pass.*

Soon the troops retreated fighting, and posted themselves in front of the houses of the officers. Evidently they saw that the enemy had vastly superior numbers, for even the barracks of the Hausas were emptied, and crowds of soldiers' wives fled with their possessions to the fort. The road was so blocked by this, that the Hausas were for some time unable to fire upon the enemy as they pressed forward. They had meanwhile taken possession of the empty houses of the Fantis,† and were shooting at the officers' quarters. But the firing was not of much avail, as the distance was too great.

Meanwhile, on the eastern side of the town the rebels

- * The mission station near Bantama lies nearly half a mile from the fort where the enemy had assembled, protected by the wooded country. Between the fort and the station lay the houses of the officers, and behind, to the left of the Bantama road, the barracks of the Hausa garrison.
- † A settlement of different peoples from the coast, situated on the other side of the road to Bantama, near the mission station.

also took possession of the empty Mahometan quarters that were close to the Weslevan mission house, from whence the officers tried to dislodge them by means of a few bullets. At the same time long trains of fugitives became visible, hurrying thence to the market place, and to the fort. The situation became all the more critical as the boldness of the enemy increased, and they continued to fire energetically upon the officers' quarters from their covered position. The Hausas. forming a shooters' ring all round the houses, replied to the fire of the invisible enemy, but could not do anything. Suddenly a crowd of wild-looking natives. with red caps, rushed up the Bantama road. were the followers of the three still loyal Ashanti chiefs of Mampong, Djabeng, and Agona.

It was a fearful sight. Boldly, and with wild cries, they rushed towards Bantama, led by the chieftain of Agona in their midst, and supported by a detachment of Hausas, under the leadership of Captain Armitage. In the next moment they were engaged with the enemy, and the road to Bantama was wrapped in smoke. Then they came back to fetch fresh ammunition, and again with the fury of madmen they rushed into battle.

All this the missionaries saw in immediate proximity—a fearful sight, especially for the ladies. Their hearts were sore, and they feared for their homes, around which the battle was raging, but bravely they kept to their place in the midst of the din of the fight. In spite of the wild attack of the allies, the enemy



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could not be made to yield; they only made a slight deviation to the west, where a felled copse offered them some slight protection. From here they shot upon the officers' quarters, while the sharpshooters posted on the galleries answered the fire. Under protection of the copse the enemy kept advancing, and their shots already struck the walls of the house, in which the brethren had thought themselves secure.

Meanwhile it had turned half-past three. The fight raged on, and the house no longer offered protection. There was nothing to be done but to leave it, and flee to the fort. Quickly decided, Mr. Ramseyer took his wife in his arms, carried her down the steep stairs, placed her in the cart, and rushed with her to the fort. The others followed them, they in turn followed by the slave-children, their foster-children. No one was hurt on the way by the flying shot, praise be to God, and safely they all reached the walls of the fort. Here the great open space was thronged with fugitives, carrying all their possessions on their heads. With the utmost difficulty the missionaries could press forward through the crowd as far as the gate, and then gain entrance to the protecting fort.

But they themselves only were admitted, their followers—catechists, teachers, and children—had to remain at the foot of the walls with the rest of the people. All their arguments that the slave-children had been committed to their care by Government were in vain. They tried to procure admittance by main force.

so long as the gate was open, but the soldiers on guard pushed them back unmercifully. The crowd was so great that many of them, children as well, got under the feet of the people, and were in danger of being trodden upon. In this crush the children, too, lost all that they had brought with them. It was the last moment for the missionaries to obtain admittance, and immediately afterwards the gate closed, and they were behind the walls of the fort.

CHAPTER X.

BESIEGED WITHIN THE FORT.

THE missionaries were safe for the time, and protected from the onslaught of the enemy. But they little guessed what days of anxiety, suffering, and privation were still before them. They did not imagine that they would be prisoners behind these walls for full eight weeks, and that another enemy, the ghost of hunger, would approach them in all its grim severity. These fears wose from time to time within them, but from day to day they were expecting military reinforcements from the coast and from the interior. In the beginning it was also quite unknown what dimensions the insurrection would assume, and it was still thought that the Ashanti rebels would finally see the uselessness of an armed rebellion, and would make overtures for peace. But we will let the Rev. Ramseyer himself relate the events of the siege, as he has sketched them in his diary.

"In Face of the Foe.

"When we had reached the verandah of the principal building, we were greeted by the governor. He wore

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an anxious expression, but with decision and seeming tranquillity he gave his orders. His wife, Lady Hodgson, was, of course, much excited, but received us most kindly. At the same time she expressed her anxiety as to how we should be provided for, since we had arrived without any provisions or equipment of any kind. We pacified her by the assurance that we should be content with anything, and were glad to know ourselves safe. It was, of course, not the time to make a retort; but we would have answered that, had we not on April 1st been so rebuked for seeking refuge and bringing some of our effects with us, we would in these last days have brought some of our property and stores into the fort. But knowing that this would not have been allowed to us, as long as we had not been called to come to the fort, we waited till the last moment, and then, having no time to pack we ran in a hurry, leaving everything behind. At first I thought that, after having brought our ladies in security, we would be able to return to our house and save some of our property: but this was no longer possible, and so we came to the castle with only what we had on us.

"And how about the fight meanwhile? It raged on more violently than before, for now we were attacked on three sides at once. Fighting was going on in every direction, particularly south of the town, where the encamped foe, spurred on by the Queen of Dschweso, had proceeded to the attack. Also

in the direction of Bantama, fighting still went on, and the Hausas had difficulty in defending the officers' quarters. But here the fight was gradually slackening; all the more did it rage in the south. Here again the allies of Mampong, Djabeng, and Agona threw themselves upon the enemy in hand-to-hand battle. It was terrible to see from the verandah, how they shot at one another at a distance of a few steps. Neither was willing to give way. Now and then they fetched fresh ammunition from the fort, then rushed upon the foe anew, with maddened rage. From the embrasures of the fort, the Hausas were shooting from time to time, but only when the firing line was free.

"So close upon two hours passed. Then a division of Hausas came to the allies' assistance. With shouts of 'hurrah,' they jointly rushed upon the foe. At last the latter slowly retreated, but first set fire to the Fanti settlement on that side. Towards Bantama the battle-cries grew silent, but here too several houses of the deserted Hausa quarters were on fire. I also thought I saw the glare of fire a little farther back, and trembled at the thought of its being our station, but thanks be to God, this was not the case.

"What this April 25th was to us, I cannot express in words. First, the question of deciding what was to be done in our position, as well as our responsibility towards the other brethren, especially in view of the three ladies; this all fell to my share, as being the eldest, and was no slight matter. But since my wife and

I only know too well what it means to be prisoners of the Ashantis, we had first of all to provide for our own safety, and leave other considerations till afterwards. Then our flight, and the terrible battle and bloodshed before our very eyes. Besides this, our great anxiety for those entrusted to our care, who had to encamp before the fort—all this was terrible. How many a sigh rose from our sore-pressed hearts to God!

"The governor and his wife did all they could for us. One of the largest rooms was cleared, where we remained together the first night. For the ladies, a sofa and a mattress of the governor's were brought into the room. In the evening we partook of food at his table, although provisions were very scarce. At the same time fixed rations were promised to us for the coming days. So we went to bed—i.e., on the floor—while the sky around was reddened by the fire. Yes, 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, for the help of His countenance.' (Ps. xlii. 5.)

"The officers too had to abandon their homes and migrate to the fort. It had to be made ready for the defence, since the whole garrison consisted only of about two hundred and fifty Hausas. They formed a ring of watches, thirty paces apart, all round the fort in case of a night attack.*

^{*} The fort is square, and built of bricks, each side seventy-four paces in length. In front the Residence rises in two storeys above the ground floor. The four corners are

"Whether an Ashanti attack on our station, as being the first step toward the fort, and a good place of defence, was already planned for the night of April 24th to 25th, cannot be ascertained. But it is probable and it was a special dispension of Providence that we had a thunderstorm during that night, which no doubt brought the attack to nought. The burial of the Hausa soldier helped to betray the intention of the Ashantis. The Government had its spies, through whom they were fairly well informed of the position of the rebels; also they were expected in the neighbourhood of Bantama, for which reason the governor had posted a watch of twelve men near our station since April 1st, but we hoped the rebels would not venture an attack so soon. Our imprisonment would have been of great use to the Ashantis, as we should have had to serve as hostages to suit their own purposes.

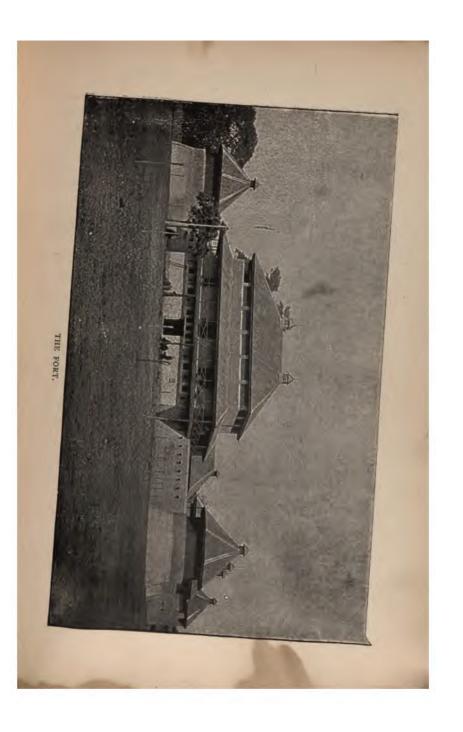
"To-day, April 26th, all are still much excited; only a few have slept, in expectation of a renewed attack during the night. But the enemy contented themselves with singing and loud howling. It is also said that this Thursday is an unlucky day for the Ashantis. They are said to have suffered great losses yesterday.

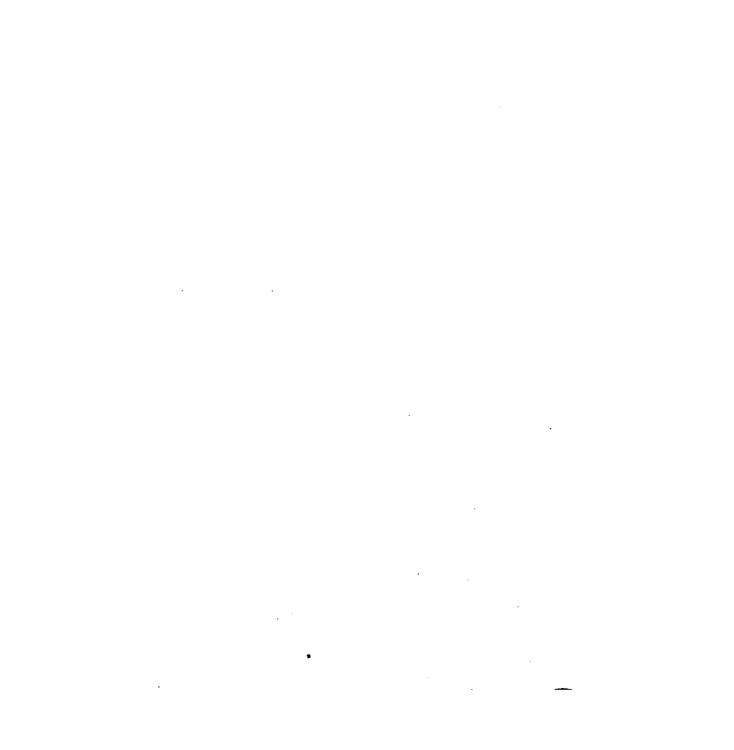
flanked by four hexagonal towers, guarded by Maxim guns. On two other sides towards the town, double tower-shaped bastions have been added, jutting out about ten feet into the road, so that the town can be swept by the cannons. Besides, the fort walls, about fifteen feet in height, are provided with embrasures, as are the lower parts of the towers and bastions. The missionaries had a room on the ground floor of the residential dwelling set apart for their use.

Besides the watchmen, who were on night duty, all the soldiers are now at their posts near the Maxims and behind the embrasures. Close beside the fort walls the fugitive people is encamped, about two thousand five hundred to three thousand persons, amongst whom are our little band, with the catechists and teachers.

"With each one the question arises: How shall we get something to eat? I tried to ask for two cases of ship biscuits for our people, but they could not be granted to me. We have therefore only the hope of being able to provide them with the most necessary things out of our promised rations. This morning we received a pail of water and our share of provisions, consisting of three tins of Chicago meat, and two biscuits for each of us. We sent down more than half of this to our people—i.e., we let them down the wall by a rope. The catechist, Adaye, takes good care of our people, and we were glad to hear that he was able to buy a little meat and cassada for them. Some of the people have brought sheep and oxen with them, and are doing good business during these days. I asked, therefore, Catechist Adaye, repeatedly, to do everything for our slave-children, and to buy necessaries as often as he could, even if they were dear.

"The governor brought us two servants to-day, one to do our room, the other, a man from Accra, to do our cooking. Lady Hodgson, too, visited us. She was very kind, gave us a leg of mutton, and regretted that she could not do more for us. Later on she sent





us a tin of tea and a tin of milk. Sugar was unobtainable. So we have begun our own housekeeping again, and find the cook, who brought us a good soup, very serviceable. We hear that our houses are not burnt down, but that the commander of the Ashantis and his staff have settled in them. Many people are said to be gathered there. Alas! our station! If only the houses were spared!

"April 27th. We passed a fairly good night. This time we men could sleep in a separate room, the office room, which is pleasanter for our wives, although we like to keep together in these exciting days. At eleven o'clock at night, suddenly there was a great disturbance round the fort, and we expected a night attack. But it had occurred in consequence of a thunderstorm which was coming upon us, and soon set in. The rain poured down in torrents on the poor people. How we suffered in thinking of our children and of Catechist Adaye, who had to lie up on account of a cold! At least we were able to supply him with a woollen blanket, which Mrs. Haasis was able to do without.

"At 4.30 a new alarm. Shots fell, and of course there was a terrible noise. But the alarm was fortunately groundless this time. A soldier on the watch had imagined that he had seen some one in the pitch-dark night, and had fired. The day passed quietly, although it was several times reported that the enemy would attack us. Once they thought they heard the arrival of the expected troops, but it was a deception.

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pressing the opinion that they were not to be expected until Saturday, but it might be Sunday, since they would probably have to fight their way through. We shall breathe freely when they arrive, and yet we tremble at the thought of the battle that awaits them.

"To-day we could buy a leg of mutton in the market,

Shortly afterwards the governor called upon us, ex-

and there is a prospect of our being able to help ourselves for some time in this way. We are very grateful for this, for it is impossible to live for any length of time upon tinned meat, the greater part of which we send to our children. Besides, we only get three tins.

"Our life in the fort has become more regulated. The one room, where the ladies sleep, serves as our living-room during the day. At 7 a.m. we drink a cup of coffee with a few drops of milk in Then we have prayers together. it. At II a.m. we make some cocoa, of which Mr. Weller had brought a tin in his box, and eat some American meat with biscuits. At four we have tea, and at seven o'clock the cook brings us some mutton broth, and the boiled meat with a white sauce. If possible he boils us some 'yams,' most probably from Lady Hodgson's That is our chief meal, and nothing is left over of it; on the contrary, we men generally get up with the feeling: What a pity it was not more! But we are very thankful that we are all well so far, and every night we thank the Lord for it in our prayers.

"This afternoon the catechist Adaye wrote on a piece of paper that a commander of the hostile forces, Opoku by name, begged him and me to act as mediators between the governor and the rebels, so that there should not be more misery throughout the country. I told the governor this, and his adjutant asked me to answer by Adaye, that if a respected man would come with a white flag, he would go to him, and listen to him. To this they replied, that they did not want to enter into communications with the Government, but they wanted a man to investigate the matter, and then give his opinion. If they—the people of Ashanti—were found to be guilty, they would crave pardon. I showed this note to the adjutant, who of course only gave a reply in the negative.

"This evening reports are spread again that an attack is to be expected. May the Lord interfere, and put an end to the bloodshed! The enemy, who can be well observed from the fort, moves quite freely in our neighbourhood, and paces up and down in front of the officers' quarters and the Hausa barracks. They are tearing the roofs off the houses, to make ramparts of them. They dragged beams and boards along, and made holes in the walls, which were to serve as embrasures. The officers have probably some good reason for not firing on them: it would be quite easy to do so.

"Saturday, April 28th. The night passed quietly and without any interruption. But every one is rather anxious about the expected troops. At 7 o'clock they

brought a man to the fort, who had assumed European garb, and carried a revolver from the hospital. After several officers had cross-questioned him, he was beaten and let off. I must note here, that the gate of the fort has been locked since April 25th, and is fastened with beams on the inside. If the watch, or any other person, has to come in, they do so by means of a ladder, which is hauled up again afterwards.

"In consequence of the thunderstorm, the people round the fort have built up shelters from the remains of the houses that lay on the south, so that most of them are protected. Our people have done the same, and are now quite cheerfully encamped. But these shelter-huts must be less than five feet high, in order not to hinder the firing from the lower embrasures.

"The appearance of this camp below the fort walls is very strange. Within a distance of twenty paces, there is hut upon hut, chiefly erected from the remainders of houses, and covered with banana leaves and reeds. In between, there is a vast throng of people—men, women, and children. Then comes the watch-cordon of the Hausas, beyond which the people may extend themselves as far as prudence permits, though they are ordered to return at the first warning. Many go off to the right and left, where the herbage of the sweet potato thrives, and pull up the bulbs. Beneath a tree stands a small herd of sheep and oxen. It is a lively picture, and if I still possessed my photographic apparatus, many very interesting pictures

might be produced; but everything, including the valuable views from my last journey into the interior to Buntuku, has been lost with the apparatus—nothing is saved.

"At II o'clock there was a review of the garrison, and we imagined that preparations were being made to ward off a fresh attack or to go to the assistance of the expected troops. The patience of the officers in dealing with the enemy, who is growing more and more insolent, and even ventures to within two hundred and fifty paces of us, and is collecting all sorts of implements, is now almost at an end. Shots are being fired from time to time with good effect. In the evening we saw two of the prison-buildings in flames. We tremble for our houses.

"Sunday, April 29th. Again a day of terror, but ending with the arrival of the long-looked-for troops. The night had been quiet, and we hoped to spend a quiet Sunday. But we were troubled by the news, that the messenger, who was to creep through to the approaching troops during the night, came back without having fulfilled his mission. Rebels were crowding all round, according to his report. want of clean clothes was specially felt to-day, so Mr. Weller opened his box, and took out for each of us such items as were contained in his treasury. It is to be hoped that we shall soon receive our necessaries from the coast, for it is very difficult to have things washed here; we are besieged, and soap is wanting, y Hodgson and water must be sparingly used.

has taken kindly to my wife, and has supplied her with some body linen. At morning prayer we fortified ourselves by Psalm xlii: 'Hope thou in God,' and hoped that our day would pass quietly. But it was otherwise.

"Again the officers fired upon the enemy, who were becoming aggressive. Towards midday the firing became more frequent, and was returned by the enemy-first from the barracks, where they had taken up their position, then from the hospital about two hundred and thirty steps distant from the fort. In the meantime, the Ashantis kept coming nearer, and flooded us with a hail of splintered lead, several pieces of which pierced through the doors and windows. the fight lasted till about half-past two, when suddenly a detachment of about fifty Hausas, under the lead of two officers, set out to repel the enemy, with the help of the allies. Spurred on by the people camping round the fort, they rushed forward. The sound of the shooting and the shouting of the fighters reached us up above.

"After a short time, the enemy were driven from their ramparts, and the Hausas returned. Not so the allies, who were pursuing the flying rebels with shouts of triumph far beyond Bantama, and were causing frightful slaughter. Amongst the dead was the chief of Bantama. The battle had lasted over three hours. At last the allies returned from their bloody task. The chief of Agona had especially distinguished himself—also in the cutting off of heads.



A DANCE OF THE EXECUTIONERS.

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The governor thanked him by shaking hands, and he was the hero of the day.

"Much as I was obliged to acknowledge his bravery, the man himself repelled me this evening—a very tiger, of gigantic stature, with long, matted, curly hair, dressed in a short smock of some dirty colour, covered with amulets, and holding a knife in his hand: so he stood in the yard with his tiger-like face, and half dancing, a dread apparition, and yet one was forced to admit, that he had had a great share in the day's success. But our hearts were bleeding.

"Scarcely had the troops returned, when the people ran to the Hausa quarters, which had been shelled in the morning, and in consequence of it vacated by the foe, with great loss, in order to obtain provisions, which the enemy had stored up there. Right on into the night, we could see them returning laden. We did not grudge them their spoils; they were provided for for the next few days. They not only brought provisions, but also many articles from our plundered Messrs. Jost and Weller received some station. books, and I Spurgeon's sermons. An armchair too appeared, and the Josts' kitten. They were followed by pictures, a looking-glass, etc. The sight of our things was touching, and we were involuntarily reminded of the first plundering of Anum (1869), when they showed us our own possessions in the hostile camp.

"The last hours with their terrors, and the news that

our station had been plundered and laid waste, almost broke our hearts. Then suddenly the call rang forth: 'The troops are coming!' We ascended one of the towers, and truly, a long broad train of soldiers and carriers were nearing the fort. Hammocks, which they carried with them, indicated that there were wounded among them. What a sight, and how everyone shouted with delight to greet their arrival! How grateful we were to the Lord for His help!

"The look of the troops from a distance showed that they had had a hard fight on the way. Many of them wore bandages. But how sore they had been pressed by the enemy, we only learned later. The commander, Captain Aplin, an old aquaintance from Abétifi, told us, when we greeted him, that it had been the hottest day in his life. For five hours they had to hew their way, fighting on the right and left, through the enemy's numbers. They had been quite surrounded by them, and more than once the question arose within them: What will become of us?

"They came to a very strong stockade of felled treetrunks, from behind which the Ashantis shot at them. The shells which the English had carried with them at first were at an end, and there was nothing to do but to storm the barricade. When they had reached the river Da, the Ashantis waited till the troops were wading through the water, and then they fired from both banks. So the reinforcements had had to fight their way through, to the neighbourhood of Kumassi. All five officers were wounded, and one of them is seriously hurt. The Hausas and carriers have about one hundred wounded.

"Amongst the arrivals there was also a telegraphic official, Mr. Branch; but in what a state! He had passed Bekwae, the last place, and wanted to restore the wires destroyed by the rebels. Then he was suddenly attacked and imprisoned. They tore his clothes from his body, and dragged him to a village, where they horse-whipped him and specially ill-treated the soles of his feet. Afterwards they let him lie for the time being by the side of his hammock. Inside it he found his revolver, which he seized hastily, to fire upon his tormentors. This made it possible for him to escape to the forest, where he hid himself for two days, and then journeyed south. Several times he heard the enemy in his immediate neighbourhood. At last he reached a district where the people were amicably disposed towards the English, and helped him on till he reached the troops on their march past. In consequence of his injured soles, he could not walk a step, and even to-day he moves with the greatest difficulty. Oh, the cruel Ashantis!

"That was again a day, very little like the Lord's day, and how we were cut to the core by all that occurred on it! How we sighed unto the Lord! And yet we had every cause to thank Him in the evening that He had helped the troops through. A small pleasure too, fell to our lot. Our good friend Captain Armitage, who, with the allies, had advanced against the foe in the afternoon, brought a small bunch of roses and other

flowers to my wife, out of our own garden in the evening, with the remark, that it gave him much pain to tell us that the Ashantis had cut everything to pieces in our houses, though nothing had been burnt down. This consideration deeply moved us.

"Monday, April 30th. We men now begin to feel the hardness of our wooden beds less. The officers have been again so kind, and brought a second mattress—we sleep on tables and on the floor—for the ladies. Although rations have to be given out daily to five hundred men, we receive still our share unreduced. Water is fetched from the valley, and we receive one large bucketful in the morning and one in the evening. In case of need, the fort well will be used. To-day we were able to see the wounded in their full numbers. There are about one hundred and twenty of them, nearly all slightly wounded.

"In the evening Captain Armitage delighted us with my wife's sewing machine. It had been found near our house, and was fortunately still in good condition. It is very useful for our sisters, since they can now make the necessary garments all the quicker; for we have been able to buy some stuff of the people round the fort. We hear from the telegraph official, Branch, that, before his imprisonment and flight, the news had been wired that the troops from the Niger Protectorate had reached Accra, had probably landed in Cape Coast, and were on their way here. The news seems doubtful.

"Tuesday, May 1st. The enemy is said to be assem-

bling near the Wesleyan mission house, but we hope that the day will pass without fighting. As we had heard that many of our plundered possessions were in the hands of the people of the fort camp, the catechist Adaye and Mr. Jost went to look for them. We got a few things back in consequence, amongst them a bottle of curry powder, a welcome addition to our dinner table. To our great distress, two of our house-boys with their mother, all of them Ashantis, have to-day departed.

"This morning a number of people set out with spades and rakes to throw up trenches near the hospital, since the troops that arrived yesterday from Lagos with four officers are to take up their quarters. there. The governor, therefore, gave us the hope of perhaps being able to visit our station to-morrow, We look although it presents a sad appearance. forward to it, but with trembling. The doctor told us this evening that they had been burying the bodies of the fallen Ashantis the whole day long. There were over a hundred of them, and many were still lying about in the forest. While the bodies were being dragged out of the houses, one could see how the allies set up a line of heads along the road.

"Wednesday, May 2nd. At about 9 a.m. cannons were removed from the fort, and soon after the place near the Wesleyan mission house was shelled from the hospital, in order to drive away the enemy, who had intrenched themselves there behind beams and boards, and had even dug trenches. The cannonade

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lasted about two hours; but was hardly successful, since the enemy's position was not exactly known. Therefore the allies again advanced to the attack, in order to lure them from their position. was a good deal of shooting; but the noise soon stopped, and the troops returned, with several wounded and one fallen. The rebels had again retired behind their intrenchments, where they were unapproachable. The governor expressed himself much surprised that the Ashantis knew how to throw up such intrenchments, and thought there must be some so-called 'educated natives' from the coast among them, perhaps even a son of the former King Karikari, who had been educated in England.

"Thursday, May 3rd. This morning we had the painful pleasure of visiting our poor station, under the protection of two soldiers. When we had reached the officers' quarters, a horrid smell of decay was noticeable. It was due to the number of dead bodies that still lay hidden here and there in deep holes and pits. As in former days, vultures may be seen flying about in great numbers. About a stone's-throw from the last house of the Hausa quarters, which had been partially burnt down, stood the last sentry. From there we had but a short distance to the house of the catechist.

"Here everything was safe and sound with the exception of the furniture. Even the bells of our chapel were hanging safely beneath the roof of the belfry, at which we were overjoyed. But what chaos

reigned within our houses! The path was strewn with books and writings. The whole of the fence in front of the larger house had been torn down, and fastened as a means of fortification to the posts of the lower verandah. But what of the upper verandah and the inside of the rooms!

"Everything that was movable, or could be torn away, was gone; locks and plates had been hacked out of the wood-work with bush-knives. To our satisfaction, we found several of the doors on the lower verandah, where the Ashantis had encamped. All the cupboard doors were gone. When I came to the chest of drawers in which there had been my money drawer, I no longer required a key; the upper part had been torn away, and was all in pieces. So it was with all the chests of drawers in both houses. Only pieces of the brothers' harmoniums were visible; they had been hacked into with bush-knives.

"From the open storerooms all the provisions had disappeared except some coffee which we took with us. But the kitchen stove was in fairly good condition. The floors of the rooms were strewn with papers, letters, torn-up books, splinters of glass from windows and photographic plates, straw, and remnants of the contents of different bottles. Only a few of our splendid store of beams and boards were left; but we hoped to get back some of them, since much of the wood has reached the camp at the fort. We received the impression that the destruction and plundering of the station had deprived us of every-

thing, and that matters were serious, very serious. And yet we have every reason to be grateful that the houses have not been set fire to. What a loss it would have been to the mission!

"For half an hour we stood in the midst of these ruins, and with what feelings! We took a few books and letters and other little things which we found here and there, and then returned, for we heard the beating of drums in the valley, which incited to haste.

"Friday, May 4th. This morning a spy was brought, who had, as it seems, tried to win over the still loyal people of Nsuta to the side of the rebels. He was cross-questioned on many points, and during the time he was blindfolded. We do not know the result. The troops which we expect from the interior are said to have fought with the people of Nkoransa, and only to be ten hours distant from Kumassi. It seems almost incredible, and the spy who was questioned on the subject will not hear of it.

"If the troops are really en route they will have a hard fight. May the Lord help them, as He did the others last Sunday! In the afternoon an officer announced to us that the enemy had set fire to the Wesleyan mission house. We ascended the tower and saw a thick cloud of smoke rising in that direction. What can have urged the foolish Ashantis to destroy the house? The officer thought they were probably retiring from the place, in order to meet the advancing troops. How we are pained by this madness, and how we tremble anew for our houses!

"In speaking of the Wesleyan mission house, I must not forget to remark that our friends the Wesleyans had begun their work at Kumassi about the same time as we. Rev. Morris had built a small mission house at the other side of the town. They had a small school and a congregation of coast people. Two months before the revolt took place Rev. Morris had left for England, and the native minister had left a month before to be transferred to another place. So nobody was at the station when the rebels came.

"We hear that the people of Agona have chosen another king, since they do not like the present one, who is on the side of the Government. If only our catechist, Atiemo, who is there, does not get into trouble thereby!

"Saturday, May 5th. Our catechist Adaye is not at all well, and we are rather anxious about him and the teacher Akonno. To-day we are going to buy a bag of salt, since there will be a dearth of it within a few days. In the same way we try to provide ourselves with cotton, so that our ladies can sew shirts and trousers for us; but it is sixpence per reel. What a boon the sewing machine is!

"This afternoon we went as far as the Hausa quarters, and found several of our possessions there, seats, doors, shutters, and a bedstead, which we brought into safety. We were told that a good many of our things were lying in the bushes a little way on, but we could not venture to go so far.

"There is no sign as yet of the troops from the

interior. What news will they bring us of the catechists, Hanson and Danso?

- "Sunday, May 6th. Catechist Adaye is a little better, but we are still concerned about him, for in the little hut where so many have to live together, the air is ill-suited to a patient. But he has a good bed and a woollen blanket, and the doctor looks after him. We were also able to buy him a small tin of meat.
- "At about 9 a.m. I assembled the children and our other people beneath the shadow of the fort walls, and together with the teacher Opreko, I conducted a service for them, speaking on the words: 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' and 'What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' I felt the need of encouraging our people, as the teachers also do so often.
- "Concerning our doors, shutters, and boards, we are asked by the governor to give them up at present to the use of the soldiers, who are on outpost duty near the station. With our boards and beams, of which a good store was still near the station, a stockade has been built by the troops. We have been told that all these things will be restored to us.
- "The men otherwise employed as carriers are now digging trenches round the fort, and rearing fortifications for the protection of the two hundred Hausas camping near the station.
- "Captain Middlemist, in whose house we first took refuge, has died this afternoon of a heavy fever. He was buried with military honours.

"Monday, May 7th. The day is passing quietly; only Catechist Adaye's state makes me anxious. If we could only procure some rice for him. But it cannot be got. Messrs. Jost and Weller were rather feverish during the last few days. Since no fresh meat is likely to be obtainable within the next week or so, I bought a few tins of soup, and a little tea at a great price. Fortunately we could also procure some soap. In consequence, Mrs. Haasis and Mrs. Jost had their washing day to-day, for our small store of body linen necessitates frequent washing.

"We hear that the enemy have again collected in vast numbers round Kumassi, and are probably waiting to attack the troops, who are expected here in two days' time.

"THE BEGINNING OF SUFFERING.

"Tuesday, May 8th. The enemy have locked us in closely, and we begin therefore to feel the lack of provisions very keenly. The allies tried to fetch fruits from the plantations, but encountered the rebels there. But as they had received strict orders not to fight, they returned empty-handed. In consequence, many people in the camp had nothing to eat to-day. Our children receive a large share of our rations, but it is not sufficient. Nearly all the oxen have also been killed, and in a few days it will be the last one's turn. An ox now costs £30, a sheep £4, and a goat £2.

"If only the troops from the Niger district were to

come soon! The suffering continues to increase.

They are said to be expected to-morrow, but it is to

be feared that they will have great difficulty in procuring carriers. They will also probably meet with the foe during the last five hours' march.

"Late this evening a messenger was dispatched. I hope he will manage to creep through. A heavy thunderstorm that is looming will perhaps facilitate his difficult errand. Our catechist Adaye is somewhat better, God be praised! But now a heavy thunder-

rain pours down upon all the poor people. How sorry

we are for them all!
"Wednesday, May 9th. This morning the allies have
gone foraging again with a detachment of Hausas and

many carriers. May the Lord protect them, and give them success! Catechist Adaye is much worse and much weaker, owing to the damp; and he is surrounded by people who grumble and scold. O

"The men are returning again without success, since they have been driven off by the foe. This time, too, they had not been permitted to fight.

Lord, help soon!

"Thursday, May 10th. Again a number of men have gone out foraging under escort, but in vain. The soldiers fired a few rounds, but the enemy were so numerous, that they were forced to retreat. They brought back one man dead and one wounded. To-day no ox was killed, and we had to be content with tinned meat. It does not matter, but it shows us that our stock of provisions is growing scanty. Our children



GIRLS POUNDING YAMS.

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and teachers have to dig for sweet potatoes here and there in the neighbourhood. What will happen if the siege is protracted? Mr. Smith, the native clerk of the European merchant's house, three hundred steps from the fort, kindly allowed our friend Adaye to dwell with him yesterday, which is a relief to us. He is now seriously ill; his lungs are specially affected. We do all we can for him, but we are in great anxiety about his state.

"In the evening the governor had a long talk with me, in which he explained the position clearly and openly. He said that the troops from the Niger would only arrive in ten days' time, and perhaps later. Up till then we should have to see how matters went on, and certainly try to hold the fort. As regards provisions, he said that the dearth of them was great, not exactly for the fort itself, although the rations would have to be reduced from now, but for the people outside the fort; for they would not be able to take care of them. They could not venture upon a sally, to break the enemy's lines, since they had to be sparing with the ammunition, that was now coming to an end. They had enough to defend the fort, but not more than enough. The position was serious, but not hopeless. If matters came to a crisis, the only plan would be to leave the fort in the hands of a small garrison, and to fight one's way through to Bekwae with the remaining troops. He hoped it would not come to this, but it was a good thing to make the position clear to oneself. and to prepare for the worst. I thanked him for the confidence he had shown me, and expressed the hope that help would be forthcoming.

"When I related our interview to the brethren and my wife, they were rather upset at first, but soon regained courage from the precious promises of the Lord, Who is our Refuge and our Fortress, for His Arm is not shortened. He can and will help. He says to us Himself in His Word: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."—Ps. l. 15.

"Friday, May 11th. This morning a fairly large piece of fresh meat was sent to us, which is to last for two days; but tinned meat was not amongst the ordinary rations. We understand it, but miss it much, on account of our adopted children. We gave a piece of the meat to Adaye, who is still very weak.

"Saturday, May 12th. To-day the rebels again intended to make an attack on the fort, but everything remained quiet. They are also said to have sent an ambassador to the fort to come to terms. Details are not known to us. Brother Jost is sick; the doctor sees after him.

"Sunday, May 13th. This is now already the third Sunday we are spending in the fort. How slowly the time passes! Thank God we are in possession of His Word, and can edify ourselves by it; but nevertheless we greatly miss the services in our chapel. When shall we be allowed to begin them again?

"To-day, too, I gathered our foster-children at the foot of the fort walls, and we were comforted by the

words: 'The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?' (Ps. xxvii. 1.) Yes, we may also believe that He will bless our small supplies of food, and that He will soon let us feel His help. But how it goes to one's heart, to see how every one is suffering the pangs of hunger! Our children, who receive a good part of our rations, are not the worst off, but the rest of the people who are only dependent on themselves. We have never experienced to such an extent what it means to be tormented by hunger, and to see others hungry without being able to help. O Lord! let deliverance speedily come for us all!

"Mr. Jost is still suffering. Within the last few days the fort gate has been open during the day, so that we can visit our people every day. They are always pleased when we do so, though we can bring them nothing but words of comfort. Now and then we venture beyond the immediate precincts, and cast longing glances towards our station, where it is not quite safe yet, according to the officers' verdict.

"Monday, May 14th. Amongst the Ashantis, to-day is a 'lucky day,' and we asked ourselves whether they would not venture on an attack. But all remained quiet. Yes; for some days they seemed to be considering terms of peace, for this afternoon the rebels were said to be 'drinking fetish' with our allies. And it was so. We soon saw how messengers from the Kings of Djabeng, Mampong, and Agona left the fort. A bowl was carried behind them, covered

with a white cloth. Under it was the so-called fetish. I felt vexed that it should proceed from the fort, but was forced to admit that it was an undertaking of the heathen chiefs here, who might possibly bring about an understanding with the rebels.

"But a different matter rejoiced our hearts, and seemed like an answer to prayer; a messenger arrived from Praso. He had used ten instead of four days in coming from there, because he had had to circumvent the enemy. We learned from him, that about six hundred soldiers of several detachments were already on their way, and had begun their march from Cape Coast on May 5th. It is certain that the governor is sending a letter to the troops by the same man, who is willing to repeat the venture, to acquaint them with many things. He asked me to translate the letter into French, so that the rebels may not be able to read it, in case the messenger is caught on the way.

"Most probably the rebels too have news of the advance of the troops. It makes them ready to come to terms, but we do not trust them. According to the adjutant's report, favourable news has been received elsewhere too—e.g., the chief of Adanse had let the rebels know that the number of advancing troops was so great that they would do better to retire. The Queen of Nkoransa, too, had warned them that the troops from the interior would come upon them soon. In consequence, the efforts of the loyal chiefs to secure an understanding seem to be successful. How we rejoice at possibly being able to move back

into our houses soon! Perhaps it will be the case in a few days, for the near future must bring some immediate change.

"We hear that a fetish priest, who had the courage to warn his people and to desist from the revolt, has been put in fetters, and is kept a prisoner in the camp of the rebels. This is a brave man and I feel much for him.

"Tuesday, May 15th. The communications between the chiefs do not seem to be satisfactory. It seemed as if provisions were being let in, for the chiefs received loads of pisang and a sheep as presents. But when some people went outside the town to buy provisions, they were captured. Treason is therefore suspected. We are particularly grieved that six of our freed slave children, who were looking for sweet potatoes, and ventured a little too far out, are taken prisoners by the enemy, and are said to have been taken to Dschweso. I notified the matter and steps were taken for their deliverance, but it is doubtful whether it is of any use.

"The whole midday the people tried to procure provisions. The Government demanded that the honestly intentioned Ashantis were to bring their fruits half way to the town for sale. But they would not agree to this. About three o'clock shooting was reported in the distance—it was said to be the troops approaching from the interior. Everything grew lively, and the people were seen to run in that direction. At last, about four o'clock, the cry arose: 'They come!' We ascended the tower and soon after saw them marching up, the officers on

horseback, but in their shirt-sleeves. Behind them came a long train of carriers and two hundred Hausa soldiers, whose appearance told that they had seen hard fighting. Captain Parmeter, an old acquaintance of ours, an officer of the troops under the command of Major Morris, told us during the salutation, that they had fought three times to-day, and had taken a barricade by storm.

"I feared a bad account of the position of our catechist Hanson in Nkoransa. But the officer put me at ease, and assured me that he had nothing to fear. Though many of the Nkoransas had showed the desire to take up arms, the queen there, advised very strongly by our friend Hanson, who seems to have behaved very well and been a great help, had opposed it, and had even supplied the troops with provisions. She had also declared that Hanson and his family were under her protection. He said that it had come to war in Sekyedumassi, where the teacher Danso was stationed. In consequence, the place had been burnt down, and the people had retired. Danso was in a little village and out of danger as far as it was known. How glad and thankful we are for this news! The troops come as it seems from Gambaga, about fourteen days' journey from the military part of Kintampo. Altogether there are now seven hundred and forty soldiers in Kumassi, and yet the rebels will not yield!

"THE VAIN LOOK-OUT FOR HELP.

"Wednesday, May 16th. The long-expected troops from the coast have not yet appeared in sight. Perhaps

to-morrow. In another way too our hopes have been disappointed. A captain went to-day with sixty-five men to occupy our station, and we were already looking forward to occupying our houses again in a few days' time. We accompanied the officer, to show him the station buildings. In the two side buildings he placed watches in the bathroom upstairs, and the soldiers were to be encamped in the lower rooms. A little later we learned that the men had retired again, because the land around the station would first have to be cleared of bushes. Waiting again!

"It seems that the negotiations with the rebels have come to nought. They demand the surrender of the imprisoned King of Kokofu, before letting any provisions come into the town. These foolish Ashanti chiefs! They are not yet humbled. We are sorry for the poor people, who are certainly not wanting the war.

"Thursday, May 17th. To-day I heard that the Fantis, who had to clear the thickets, are cutting down the beautiful palms in front of our houses. I opposed it, and hope it will not happen again. I have just visited the catechist Adaye, and took him a piece of fresh meat. He is still very weak, and the children too are poorly, and look like skeletons; one of them can hardly stand. If only the troops were to come, for the foe is camping round about, triumphant at being able to starve us into surrender.

"Friday, May 18th. Again I went to our station, which is now being guarded by about one hundred Hausas. The manuscripts and papers that we collected

in bags three days ago are again all strewn on the floor. The carriers too are robbing us, for the bags have disappeared.

"Saturday, May 19th. Nothing is to be seen of the reinforcements so far. They are, however, reported to have reached the Adanse Mountains, a few days ago, and so they may be expected soon. But they have probably a great many carriers in the rear, and can therefore only advance slowly. But the misery continues to increase meanwhile. The carriers only receive one biscuit per day, and the three thousand people encamped round the fort—nothing. They have to find a few roots in the ground. A Fanti man, named Smith, who ventured beyond Bantama to find a little food for his four starving children, was shot. Two of our people, the female teacher Helena, and the assistant teacher Okanta, have sickened with an eruption and have fever.

"Sunday, May 20th. After I had conducted our service, and had comforted us by the words: 'Lo I am with you alway,' the fort yard suddenly grew lively. Soldiers were receiving ammunition; cannons and Maxim guns were being taken out, and the garrison advanced as far as the prison under the leadership of wounded Major Morris. From his hammock he directed the attack. The rebels were supposed to be in that direction, but under cover, they were therefore shelled; but it seemed to have no effect, for the enemy did not move. Meanwhile, we were conducting a short service with our people at the foot

of the fort walls. Oprekŏ reminded us in his address of the pisang-plant, which could be burnt down to the ground, so that the plant seemed utterly destroyed, while afterwards its heart grew up stronger and fuller from the roots. This simile he applied to our work in Ashanti. The teacher Akonno, too, spoke in a striking manner, and pointed to Job, who had lost everything, and yet held fast to God. I could ratify what had been said by examples, and reminded them that the time of suffering and temptation is at the same time the period during which our faith must be tried in the fire of affliction.

"It is now nearly one o'clock. How much powder has been shot during the last hour, how much human blood spilt! O Lord! stretch out Thine arm soon, and hear our prayers and the prayers of our many friends, who surely must know of our distress and are beseeching Thee for help.

"As the enemy was not to be drawn from his position, a detachment of the Hausa soldiers advanced to the attack. A hot fight ensued, and shot upon shot was audible from the valley. The battle lasted about an hour and a half. Meanwhile a further column with cannon was advancing towards the south-east, where the enemy were posted in large numbers. Shot upon shot was fired; it was a terrible noise. But in front of the fort the women were performing a wild war dance. They moved up and down the road in procession with wild shouts and waving their shawls, as if they could in this way drive off the

foe. How often in the time of our captivity we had to watch the dread war dances of the women! The Ashantis seemed to have suffered great losses. Oh! this bloodshed, and we with the three ladies in the midst of this din of war, without being able to help. We have already volunteered our services on behalf of the wounded, but they were gratefully declined, since there are sufficient doctors and helpers.

"The fight has ceased on all sides about ten o'clock, and the troops are returning with wounded Captain Leggett. The Ashantis will probably have learnt by now that boasting is of no avail. We can only guess at the reason of the Government's attack: probably they wished to keep the enemy occupied, so that they might not advance to meet the expected reinforcements in too great a number.

"5 p.m. All is quiet, and the carriers are sitting dolefully, and with empty stomachs in front of the fort. It is pitiful! The Ashantis do not consider themselves beaten, in spite of their great losses. The sound of their shouts and howls reach us. They have kept their position; yes, they even followed the Hausas some distance during the retreat. No sign of the troops.

"Monday, May 21st. The day passed quietly. The state of our female teacher and the assistant, Okanta, worries us considerably. Our cook, Boadu, is suffering from the same eruption, and it is not clear what it will end in. The doctor has therefore separated the patients, and we are not allowed to go to them.

"Tuesday, May 22nd. We hear that our patients are doing badly. Yesterday they received no food whatever, I therefore went to the surgeon in charge, who at once saw to them. He came back with the news that they had smallpox and must see no one. That too! O Lord! send help soon!

"Wednesday, May 23rd. Nothing to be seen of the troops. Since a number of carriers were again sent to our station to clear the fort, Messrs. Jost and Weller went back, also, to bring our papers into safety. I waited to hear from the resident whether there was any intention of quartering officers in our houses also. In this case we much wished to have one of the houses, at least, at our disposal, for we were longing for our own home. He avoided the question, but it was clear from his answer, that it was still doubtful whether Kumassi could be held for any length of time. Certainly the ladies were to be brought into safety, and some spoke much of the construction of hammocks, protected with pieces of iron sheets, in case of the worst. He also thought that it would cost many battles before peace was restored.

"Thursday, May 24th. Ascension Day! Who would have thought that we should still be locked up in the fort to-day? How long, O Lord? Send soon the longed-for help! To-day is also the birthday of the Queen of England; for this reason a sheep was killed, of which we received a small piece. But our ration of biscuits was slightly reduced—two for each person. And out of this we must try to provide for our people.

The stomach often rebels! We can hardly keep up our strength with it. Our children, too, keep getting weaker. The state of the smallpox patients is still the same. Owing to my efforts they receive at least three biscuits daily, but nothing else.

"At 4.30 p.m. a parade was held with four hundred and fifty soldiers before the governor in honour of the day, but it was very short. Driven by necessity, many of our men venture too far out into the plantations to procure provisions. Many a man loses his life thereby, killed by Ashanti bullets.

"Friday, May 25th. Since the resident told me vesterday that, after the arrival of the troops, all the rooms of our station would be required for the men, so that our people would not be able to return there for the present, I handed in a petition this morning in the name of us all, requesting: (1) that after the arrival of the troops, our four teachers and the children might be allowed to return to the two teachers' houses; (2) that we missionaries might be permitted to move back into one of the mission houses at least, while the other one and the school could be occupied by the troops. At the same time we expressed the urgent request that we might not be sent away from Kumassi, if it could be avoided, for that would be another rude blow for our work in Ashanti. Our Ashanti Mission MUST BE CONTINUED AT ALL COST.

"I delivered it at midday, and we are very anxious for the answer. In the evening we had a talk with the governor and his wife; but the writing was not mentioned. But Lady Hodgson said in fun: 'I believe Mr. Ramseyer sheds a tear each time an Ashanti falls.' I was obliged to own to her that this bloodshed was very painful to me, although the Ashantis had certainly deserved their punishment.

"Saturday, May 26th. To-day has also passed without any news of the troops. What does it mean? Will no help come? O Lord! prove the truth of Thy promises.

"Mr. Weller had to lie up to-day with severe fever. Late in the evening an officer, our good friend Captain Marshall, told us that the next morning a number of tins with table biscuits, which had been discovered, were to be sold, and asked us whether we wished to buy any for ourselves or our people. For the children he himself would give six. How heartily we thanked him, and how happy we are at the unexpected help!

"Sunday, May 27th. This morning very early the enemy was to be surprised with a sally; but they were ready for battle, and so it was considered better to desist. We could only buy twelve tins of table biscuits; but they will be a great help.

"Mr. Weller passed a very bad night, and continuously vomited bile, so I called the doctor, who gave him some refreshment—i.e., a tin of milk, and a little wine. In all this sorrow, I took courage from the beautiful words which had cheered me so often during my former captivity, 'Wait, O my soul, wait on the Lord.' I found them in an old periodical (Hausfreund),

and read under what conditions Cæsar Malan had composed this hymn of consolation in Geneva:

"'When all is drear, God is ever near; Greater than all evil, hence we need not fear."

"While I am writing this, the poor soldiers and officials are rushing in to buy biscuits at three shillings a tin. It will hardly be enough for all. of the word on which I spoke to-day to our people, "Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come" (Hab. ii. 3). Yes, even if the troops do not come, we will wait for the Lord's help, for He keeps His word! This is now the fifth Sunday that we are spending inside the fort. And under what conditions! Alas! how trying is this time of waiting, and how we long for our beautiful services in the chapel. Although we have prayers all together, and our little services with the people underneath the fort walls, yet we miss the congregational services for the true enjoyment of the Lord's Day. We cannot attempt an English service, for the officers are too much scattered, and are constantly occupied. Also they feel little need of it, alas!

"DEATH, THE REAPER!

"Monday, May 28th. We are deeply grieved this morning. We have just received the news that our beloved teacher Helena, who sickened a few days ago with smallpox, is dead. The doctor who visited her daily had, indeed, told us that she was suffering

from a very severe attack, but still we hoped for recovery. The news of her death has come upon us like a bolt. It is particularly painful that we were unable to do anything for her, and cannot even give her a Christian burial. Alas, so much misery and sorrow! I assembled our people, and read with them the Order of Burial; then we prayed together. How grieved her Christian parents in Begoro will be at the loss of their daughter, all the more since her death took place under such sad circumstances. She was a dear girl, and a real help to my wife.

"A man, who was kept a prisoner in the hostile camp, and was able to escape, reports that a great number of troops are advancing from Prah, but are forced to fight their way through every day. They reached Kwisa in the Adanse Mountains four days ago. If the news is only reliable!

"Tuesday, May 29th. This morning a sally was made beyond Bantama for foraging purposes. The Ashantis were driven off, but, to the grief of all, an officer, Captain Maguire, was killed, and Captain Marshall wounded. The death of the young officer is a great loss, and a grief to all. At 5 p.m. the funeral took place, at which I was present. In the doctor's house all the Europeans were assembled. Then a detachment of Hausas led the way, followed by the coffin. It was covered with the English flag, and decked with roses and other flowers from our garden in the form of a cross. A helmet was at the head, and the sword of the hero at the feet. The procession began to move,

service, although at first we were not sure whether it would not be more discreet to retire.

"It seems that some provision cases have been discovered, for the officers are buying. At my request,

Prayer Book, and at the end the Hausas fired three volleys. I was glad to have been present at the

covered, for the officers are buying. At my request, we received as a great favour, two tins of flour and four boxes of sugar. But the suffering round the fort continues to increase. A soldier sold his tin of meat, containing two pounds, for twenty shillings.

"Wednesday, May 30th. It is five weeks to-day since we were besieged here in the fort, and nothing certain is known of prospective release. The troops are reported to be approaching by three routes, but when will they arrive, and bring us help? Our foster-children are sickening, and two of them can hardly move, and yet they get more food than the others.

^{*} The place of the former Wesleyan Mission Station, which lies near the fort.

"At last we have received an answer to our petition. It is not very consoling. On the arrival of the troops, it will be impossible to give up both teachers' houses to our men. But the troops would not remain for long, and they would then endeavour to vacate the buildings. Concerning ourselves, we should just have to see how matters turned out, and whether we could stay here in safety. So in short: You must wait. Here again we say: 'The Lord will provide.'

"Saturday, June 2nd. Again the end of a week and no certain hope of relief. The troops are said to have crossed the river Da; in this case they might arrive here to-day or to-morrow. God grant it, for it is most urgent! The rations of biscuits were again reduced, and it seems that many cases have been spoilt. We give up our share to the children, and only use very few of the better table biscuits for tea. In the evening the ladies make 'spätzle' of flour and salt, with which we eat a little meat. Our assistant, Okanta, has not yet quite recovered from the smallpox, but he is better. There are now thirteen patients with smallpox.

"This afternoon I was close by the prison, and from the distance, I cast a glance towards the Wesleyan mission house. What a sad sight! It is only a ruin now—and one portion of the four bare walls has fallen in. How grateful we must be that our station still stands, and has not been burnt down. And yet how sad it made me, when I visited our houses this morning, and saw our furniture all piled up in the lower rooms, partly exposed to the rain. This because all the rooms

had been cleansed for the expected troops. But I was obliged to say to myself: 'This is war!'

"The poor people eat everything now that they can find: every kind of leaf, unripe fruit, roots of all sorts. A short time ago a goat was sold for £11 10s., and its head for £1. Mr. Weller is gaining strength slowly. But he is better, thank God!

"A king of Fanti—Denkjera—is said to have come into the Ashanti territory, and is only one and a half day's journey from here; we hope as a friend. Only rumours are heard of the advance of the troops.

"Sunday, June 3rd. Whit-sunday. This beautiful Whit-sunday finds us still here. Alas! how tedious is the time of waiting, and we are still without reliable news of the relief forces. It seems almost as if the distress could not be heightened.

"In our service, during which we fortified ourselves by a meditation on the subject of Pentecost, the words 'pray and endure' came home to us. Yes, relying on the promises of the Lord, we will wrestle, pray, endure. 'Wait, O my soul, wait on the Lord,' is the watchword again to-day. This I have also called out to our foster-children this morning, at the foot of the fort walls, when I spoke on the words: 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' How we all call upon Him. and with us, too, our beloved brethren on the stations and their congregation, and perhaps also the missionary congregations and our dear ones at home. The Lord will surely hear these thousands and thousands who are praying for us. Yes, out of this time of suffering

a fruit of blessing will certainly grow for our Ashanti mission work!

"Wednesday, June 6th. Two days ago a spy, who had crept into the hostile camp, is said to have reported thence that the troops had reached the river Da, so that the rebel army had retired. Is this report true? Perhaps the ceaseless rain that fell in the night from Sunday to Monday has made the passage over the river more difficult. And, according to the spy's report, the enemy have reared a very strong stockade there. But if the troops have Maxims with them they will soon be masters!

"On Monday evening three messengers are reported to have been dispatched to meet the troops. God grant that one or the other may make his way through! On the same day a kind of bomb made of a tin with gun-cotton was prepared, and thrown by a spy into the midst of the enemy, the following night, at the stockade near the Wesleyan mission house. The burst was heard, and then a few shots. Probably the Ashantis were pursuing the daring fellow.

"To-night a number of the allies have again gone foraging; but they were discovered and had to flee. Seven of them have not returned so far, and the chiefs are rather depressed about it.

"Mr. Weller's recovery continues, but his strength is slow in returning. On the other hand, Mr. Jost and his wife have been ill a few days, and I too had to take care of myself yesterday, as I had severe abdominal pains. How much misery and suffering,

alas! and no certain prospect of help; we begin to despair.

"Three days ago I heard that the provisions would only last nineteen days longer. O Lord, help! It is high time! Yes, He will certainly help! To-day one of our freed slave-children died. She had been suffering for some time from skin disease. Yesterday she was still fairly cheerful, this morning she was unconscious. Oh! how much misery!

"Saturday, June 9th. We ask ourselves, seriously, whether the reports of the advance of the relief forces are really true. Six cannon shots are reported to have been heard during the night, but who knows whether it was not a mistake? God grant that help be really so near! The misery is so great that the root of an inferior kind of yam was sold for five shillings, and a piece of cassada (in ordinary times worth three shillings) was sold for £1 5s. That shows that people venture very far, and with risk of life, into the plantations. My wife saw some one selling two pepper-pods for sixpence. Daily eight, twelve, or even more people are dying. Ah! how great is the misery, and yet people are not wanting, especially amongst the Mahometans and Fantis, who make use of the dearth, and strive to take the highest prices for provisions out of mere cupidity.

"This morning at 5 a.m. we were frightened by an explosion in the distance. It was occasioned, as we had guessed, by a bomb, which had been thrown

into an assembly of chiefs, according to rumour. About seven of them are said to have been killed by it. To what terrible means we do resort in war! It is reported that the King of Bekwae and his people are coming to our assistance.

"One of the Europeans, who gives out the rations to the carriers, has several times had a soup made of tinned meat, biscuits, and palm cabbage, and divided it amongst the poor children. There were 160 such poor creatures the other day, and one could count every rib in their bodies. As we heard later on the soup was prepared from the governor's rations.

"Monday, June 11th. Four years ago to-day my wife and I entered Kumassi in the midst of a terrible thunderstorm, and now it almost seems as if our work hitherto were destroyed. But no; it will certainly thrive again, if only native helpers do not lose courage. How must we think of them and pray for them, that the Lord may strengthen them and save them!

"Yesterday we had the great pleasure of seeing our catechist, Adaye, so far restored, that, together with me, he could take the service at the fort. How grateful we are for his recovery, and what a help he is to us!

"If only Mr. Jost were stronger! He is still suffering from dysentery, and is at the same time mentally depressed. In his state he can only take milk. Lady Hodgson was kind enough to give us again a leg of mutton. The broth from it was a

real boon to us, for tinned meat is becoming more and more distasteful to us.

"The non-appearance of the relief forces is inexplicable to us, and we doubt whether they are really in the neighbourhood. Yesterday evening two shells were again sent off, partly to terrify the Ashantis, but chiefly on account of the troops, so that they might respond if they were not too far distant; but nothing was heard.

"This morning, Major Morris, who is in command, told me that the possibility of making a sally must now be taken into consideration—i.e., we might have to fight our way through. It might be necessary in a week, if relief did not arrive before. At the same time, he asked me how many carriers we should require in that case. He could only assign to us hammocks for five—one of us would have to make the journey on foot.

"The matter troubles us greatly. May the Lord send help soon, so that we may not be forced to quit our field of labour! Besides the fate of our foster-children weighs heavily upon us, and we do not know what to do. Thank God, Mr. Weller is better, but he is not fit to do the journey partly on foot. I have just been to Major Morris, and have settled with him about the carriers, in the case of an emergency. He knew no answer to my question, as to what was to become of the children. To my great relief our good Adaye, who is really acting the part of a hero, has declared himself ready to remain behind with the

children, and to look after them. The other two teachers will hear of nothing but departure from Ashanti, but they are so young.

"Tuesday, June 12th. Again a memorable day! Thirty-one years ago to-day, we were taken prisoners by the Ashantis, on the other side of the Volta in Anum. And to-day, after so many years, and after so many sighs on behalf of this poor people have gone up before the Lord, we are being besieged by these same Ashantis for seven weeks within their capital.

"What wondrous ways! What dispensations of the Lord! Yet it remains true: His rule is flawless. The Lord knows why He is thus guiding us, and He will certainly save us, as He did the first time. How many prayers are ascending to Him, during this time—on our behalf, for Ashanti, and for the work. He will hear them! Oh! may it come soon, for the misery continues to increase! The mortality increases daily, and in the road people are seen creeping along with swollen faces and skeleton bodies. The carriers receive a little meat, but only one biscuit a day.

"Mr. Branch, who gives out a little soup to the children daily, asked me to-day, if possible to hand over to him our store of salt, that we bought three or four weeks ago, for thirteen shillings. He said he would give four pounds for it. For he required daily five shillingsworth of salt for this soup. He would willingly pay this high price, as the officers had

collected for it amongst themselves. But as we were unwilling to make money in this way, I made the proposal of exchanging the salt for a chest of ship-biscuit. But that was impossible, as the provisions are too scanty. We have now divided the bag of salt; half we have kept back for our children, and the other half is a contribution to the soup of the starving.

"To-day it is washing day, and in the room. spite of all economy, our body linen must be renewed from time to time. A piece of soap, the size of one's thumb, costs ninepence, and is difficult to obtain. Dear, brave Mrs. Haasis must do the washing alone to-day, as Mrs. Jost has fever. How painful it is for my wife to be unable to take part in either sewing or washing, on account of her lame hand, especially in this time of distress. In such times the cross, which she has now had to bear for twenty-four years, becomes more evident to her. We are all the more grateful. that dear Mrs. Haasis is fairly well. What a help she has been to us during this hard time! But she says she is very grateful that she can work, and is quite worried at the thought of coming to the end of her work.

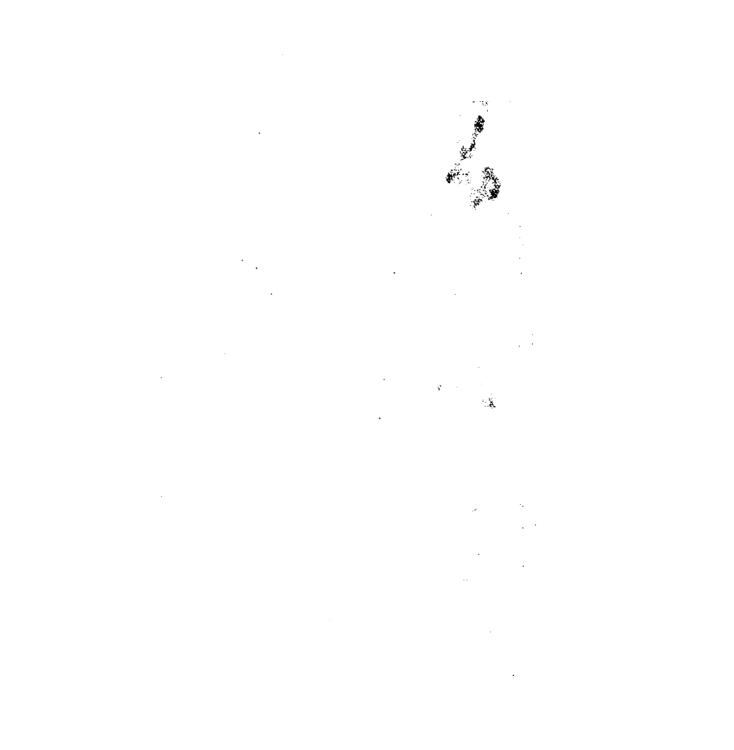
To-day, after many entreaties, I was again able to buy a seven-pound tin of flour, and two boxes of sugar. In consequence, our ladies are daily considering how to bring change into our meals. But that's not quite easy, since eggs and suet are wanting, and they are dependent upon flour and water. Lady





THE EUROPEANS BESIEGED IN THE FORT FROM APRIL 25TH TO JUNE 23RD, 1900. Lady Hodgson. His Excellency the Mrs. Jost. Captain Berthon. Captain Leggett. Dr. Tweedie. Mrs. Haasis. Mr. Ramseyer. Mrs. Ramseyer. Captain Marshall.

From a photograph taken on June 6th, 1900,



Hodgson's cook brought us two small loaves. What a luxury!

"Wednesday, June 13th. Late last evening there was some disturbance before the fort, but it soon calmed down. To-day we hear that two of the King of Djabeng's men, who have been missing this last week, have returned, to the joy of all. One of them, a Christian, told us that he had eaten nothing the whole time, since he could not venture out of the plantation. He has grown quite thin in consequence. According to what he has heard on the way, the Ashanti army is stationed in the direction of Cape Coast, to bar the way to the relief forces; several stockades are built near the river Da.

"Friday, June 15th. Mr. David, a Frenchman, delighted us to-day with six small pots of meat extract and a little chocolate. What riches! We were able to give him a little coffee in return, of which we still have a good quantity. But our table biscuits are coming to an end. But we will not worry, for during the past four weeks we have sufficiently experienced that the Lord helps us on from day to day. Oh, if He would only vouchsafe to help us soon! It is high time!

"Yesterday a spy, who ventured near the enemy's camp, is said to have heard that the English troops are stationed at the river Da. When will they be here? Or must they wait for reinforcements? Provisions are coming to an end; they will only last a few days longer. O Lord, help us!

"It seems that one or several messengers were sent out yesterday, for I was asked to translate a few sentences into French, expressing our condition to the commander of the relief forces, and asking him to bring as much provision as possible.

"Yesterday evening again one of our children died in consequence of dysentery. How sad it is to be unable to help!

"Mr. Jost also is still suffering from dysentery, and Mr. Weller is only recovering very slowly. How slowly the time passes. It is almost more than we can bear. We have some books with us, it is true, especially the precious Word of God in four languages: German, French, English, and Tschi (Ashanti), so that we can occupy ourselves with it for several hours of the day; the ladies sew and wash, but how slowly the time passes, especially in the afternoon, when we expect the arrival of the longed-for help from hour to hour! Besides, there is the constant anxiety for our foster-children, and the sight of the misery round about.

"The mortality is daily on the increase. To-day thirty-five persons, yesterday thirty-two, are said to have died of hunger and privation. When I went to our station this morning, I saw on the way back not less than three dead bodies being carried out in mats. The suffering surpasses description. The people creep about like shadows. We ourselves are also suffering much from want of food, and have very little flesh on our bones. We feel the pangs of hunger in the night

too, on our wooden couches. The skin is hanging down in folds on parts of the body as if it were superfluous. And yet we are far better off than many of the poor people who are encamped round the fort, and have to satisfy their hunger and prolong their lives as best they may.

"THE HEIGHT OF DISTRESS. PREPARATIONS FOR THE MARCH.

"Saturday, June 16th. The officers are going about busily, and we do not quite know what to make of it. All sorts of preparations are being made, cartridges are being given out to the soldiers, shells are being carried out, and the guns put in working order. I therefore went to Captain Armitage, asking him to let me know, though I did not wish to interfere with their military secrets, whether all these preparations were to indicate that an evacuation was being thought of. He quieted me, and said that it was not as bad as all that, they were only preparing for an emergency. Then Dr. Chalmers came, and told me that they could not get a sixth hammock for us, with the best of wills -perhaps I might be able to construct one myself. Since neither Mr. Weller nor Mr. Jost can undertake the journey on foot, and I too, at my age, might also find it too much, our ladies have begun to make a hammock out of a bag. Our washing line is to be used as the rope for the bearing pole.

"All this shows us that we must hold ourselves in

the enemy's lines, probably midst fighting and blood-shed, is fearful to us. But what is to be done? The provisions are almost at an end, and though our exit is a venture of life or death, yet the Lord can help us through with His might. There is no limit to His aid. We see the state of affairs from the short sentence I had to translate into French to-day at the resident's request: 'If we knew exactly when you will arrive here, we would wait four days longer. In this case we should be forced to use the

readiness. The thought of making our way through

"That is a hint that the march is not quite decided upon. But we hold fast; the Lord will not leave us nor forsake us. He will help. Lady Hodgson has again sent us two tins of milk in her kindly manner. What a boon!

rations we should otherwise leave for the remaining

garrison.'

"Sunday, June 17th. This is already the eighth Sunday we spend within the fort. An address out of the Book by the Rev. R. Wenger, on the verse of the psalm: 'Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say unto the Lord: Thou art my hope and my stronghold, my God, in Him will I trust' (Ps. xci. 1, 2), has strengthened and comforted us. Afterwards we had a short service with our people, as usual, at the foot of the fort walls. The

poor children seemed rather depressed, because we could not take them with us; but it was an impossi-

bility. They are only consoled by the thought that Adaye is staying behind with them.

"Yesterday and to-day rockets and shells were fired off, as signals to the troops, in case they are near us. It is evident that the decisive hour is coming. O Lord, look upon us! Adaye told us that a man from Akropong, who had gone foraging, had been taken prisoner by the Ashantis. When he mentioned that he came from Akropong, they asked him whether it was the same town that Adaye came from. On receiving an affirmative answer, they freed him, saying that for Adaye's sake they could do him no harm. The chief even sent a message to Adaye, that he should like to see and speak with him. I related this to the resident, who sent word to the chief, that if he wished to come to terms on any subject, he was to come halfway, and talk to Adaye. It seems as if the Ashantis were weary of the battle, and seek a mediator. Of course Adaye does not exactly wish to enter the rebel camp. If I were here alone without my wife, I should feel inclined to risk it. But under such circumstances, I must see after the safety of my

"Monday, June 18th. Everything is being prepared. The carriers are just being apportioned. We receive besides those required for the hammocks, six box-carriers, and two for a little tent to be used by the ladies. The hospital is being transferred to the fort, and several patients were brought here, who are already at death's door—i.e., several Hausas. The officers who

helpless wife.

are to hold the fort with a small garrison, must now occupy the fort too. Messrs. Jost and Weller are recovering. The latter, in spite of his weakness, does his utmost to help. But my wife continues to grow weaker and weaker. I see her lying down not able to walk, and scarcely able to speak, just in the same state as I saw the poor people, who a few hours later died of inanition. In my distress I asked Lady Hodgson if she could once more spare a tin of milk; she sent immediately her last one, I believe, and came down herself to comfort and encourage my poor wife. How thankful I am to her!

"O Lord! has the time not yet come? Before the fort, hunger is demanding victim upon victim. The children are mere skeletons, and remind us of our poor child, that perished of hunger thirty years ago at Totorasi on our march to Ashanti. Assistant Okanta is very poorly again, and lying up. Late in the evening rockets were let off as distress signals; but no answer.

"The governor has asked me to draw up a detailed account of the different rumours current during the last two years, concerning the preparation of Ashanti for this revolt. I have done so, and pointed out that the inflammable material had been more or less in existence before his arrival, when the ferment for a time was slumbering, but that the conclaves of the chiefs, held in consequence of and after the governor's address, had probably put the spark to the powder.

"Tuesday, June 19th. We are receiving rations for

six days. We cannot understand what it means. A document is then circulated showing the order of march, which as nearly as I can remember says: As vanguard one hundred Hausas are to march under Captains Armitage and Leggett. Then, at some distance, ammunition carriers and guns with troops, and some Behind them, carriers, followed by Majon officers. Morris, and troops with officers. Then comes the governor and Lady Hodgson, accompanied by Dr. Chalmers, and covered by an escort of soldiers. Behind these again a few officers with a long gang of carriers, bearing the baggage. Then we come with our carriers with seventy Hausas distributed along the column and under Captain Read, who, however, is unable to use his right arm. Then come a train of carriers again, the clerks and servants, with the men of the three allied kings, who together with the officers Cochran, Dr. Macfarlane, and Captain Aplin bring up the rear. Right at the end comes a train of soldiers' wives and whoever else wishes to join.

"Wednesday, June 20th. In the meantime two of our carriers have died, and a third one is dying. This suffices to indicate the distress; and we are to start with such poor strengthless creatures. We now have to distribute the rations amongst our carriers. Mr. Weller, although very weak still, has done it to-day with the teacher. But what a task! No idea can be formed of it. Every carrier received half a ship's biscuit, and this led to quarrelling. Now the meat was dealt with—one two-pound tin serving for eight

men. They thought it could be left to them—i.e., they left one tin to the eight carriers. With some it was possible, but others threw themselves upon it like vultures, and the next moment there was a crowd of men fighting for the meat—a heap of human beings one upon another. We had to use all our power to separate them. Meanwhile one fell upon the full tins near by, and they disappeared in a trice. It was a

very exciting scene, and no wonder that Mr. Weller

had fever in the evening.

"In the afternoon Adaye came and told us that he had heard many were going over to the enemy's camp, being unable to starve any longer, choosing rather to die from the Ashantis' knives, and that the report is that after we had evacuated the fort, the Ashantis would attack it. He could therefore scarcely stay there with the children. We understood him, and have decided to take the children with us, although they will only get on slowly. They can also only join the ranks of

the common people, I am told by Major Morris.

Teacher Akonno will stay with them, while Adaye is to remain near us to help at the hammocks.

"In the evening I could fortunately obtain three men

from Amedschove (Togo), in place of the three carriers who had died. At five o'clock I at last received the five hammocks; the governor proposed that my wife should put his mattress inside her hammock. When Lady Hodgson heard how weakened my poor wife still was, she sent a shoulder of the last sheep that was killed to-day. I was also able to buy a tin of flour, by

appealing to the governor himself. So the Lord helps from one hour to the other, and we will firmly believe that He can lead us safely through the hostile lines on our dangerous march.

"Thursday, June 21st. Thank God, my wife feels a little stronger. Again a carrier has died—the fourth. As Mr. Weller had fever, I gave out the rations with the help of Adaye and Akonno. So many complained of their share being so small! The last horse was killed to-day, so the carriers received an extra, but very small ration. Three of our children have been prevailed upon to go into the enemy's camp during the night with others.

"Friday, June 22nd. This morning our young assistant, Okanta, died of dysentery, which had set in after the small-pox. He had hoped to set out with us, and I had not expected his sudden death. But this morning he was said to be unconscious, and before I got to him, he died in the presence of Catechist Adaye and Teacher Akonno. This heavy trial is full of pain to us! O Lord! we know Thou art greater than all our troubles! Let us soon make trial of Thy help! Mr. Weller has fever again, as well as Mrs. Jost, and my wife is still weak, although better. This morning at II o'clock we buried Okanta on the land of our station. It was a sad duty. It was raining rather fast, and the distress that met one on the way cut one to the heart. Here lay one stretched out on the ground, there lay another already dead. The most terrible part is, that one cannot help in any way.

160 DARK AND STORMY DAYS AT KUMASSI.

Prayerfully we bedded Okanta in the earth opposite the catechists' house. I then went into our houses with dear Mrs. Haasis. How sad we felt! Will the time really come again, when this place will blossom forth anew, rejoicing in the Work of the Lord? I firmly believe it, however dark the way, O Lord!

CHAPTER XI.

THE FLIGHT.

"On the evening of the following day, June 22nd, Captain Marshall took me aside, and said: 'Please prepare for the departure as quietly as possible, we are going at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning.' This did not surprise us, for we saw that there was nothing else for us to do. Either we should have to go, although it was a great venture, or die of starvation. The hope of relief had gone from us all, and the possibility of supporting life became more and more difficult. Our garrison was becoming weaker and more unfit for fighting, and the number of carriers was daily decreasing. Within the last week about thirty people died of starvation every day, and the rest crept about like skeletons. Some, who were up one day, were dying the next. Was this to be our fate also? We saw the slow but sure approach of death.

"Quite early in the morning, after a few restless hours, shortly after midnight, every one was up and doing. Loads were packed and orders given to the Hausa soldiers. It was all done as quietly as possible,

for every one saw the seriousness of the situation. Our six small loads of scarcely half the usual weight. out of consideration for our weakened bearers, were ready; they contained the things and garments our sisters had been able to sew for us, and in all haste we made a cup of coffee. Then we read Psalm xci. together, and committed ourselves to God's protection on our march for life or death. Then the hammocks were taken out. But where were the carriers? Of the fifty-two men, who had been allotted to us, hardly twenty had turned up. The others were sought for, called and sent for, but some were still missing. Now the word was given: 'Into the hammocks.' The three ladies and Mr. Weller, who was already half delirious, but lay on his bed in a resigned frame of mind, were laid in them. The necessary carriers were at the sides, and an officer told the ladies on no account to leave the hammocks. But it was to happen otherwise!

"The order of march was formed. The governor and Lady Hodgson, followed by officers and surrounded by a strong protective escort, went in front. Then followed a great number of baggage-bearers. Then we came, followed by a long train of bearers and seventy soldiers, distributed on both sides along the column under the command of an officer.

"Amongst the carriers were also the six men who carried our boxes. The reserve carriers for the hammocks were still missing, a good number of whom we never saw again alive. But one thing struck me strangely, that when the long train before the fort

took up its line of march, it did so in a south-westerly direction, instead of a southerly one (towards the coast). When I expressed my surprise at this, I was told, that we were going to try to force our way through the territory of the Nkwanta tribe, whose chief was in our midst, for it would be impossible to do so in the direction of Cape Coast with our half-starved men, since the chief forces of the enemy, about 25,000 men, were concentrated there. A fearful prospect! What will become of us? I sighed.

"And how about our foster-children, the freed slaves? During this day they were a source of anxiety to us. Our urgent request to take them with us in the column, had been absolutely denied by Major Morris. They were to join the train of Hausa women and the rest of the women, behind the rearguard. What was to be done? We had to obey, and commit them to the care of the teacher Akonno, who had promised to look after them. There were only twelve of them, for seven of them driven by hunger, had gone over to the rebels during the days past, or had been lured over by them.

"On this morning the little troop was quite brave and cheerful. Hanging at the side of each was a little bag containing a tin of meat. I allowed them to eat one tin of meat quickly; then we parted from them, to take our places in the marching column. That was the last we saw and heard of our dear children and their teacher. In vain did we look for and ask after them in the days that followed, no

one could give us news of them. We must therefore believe that they and their teacher, together with a great number of carriers, fell into the hands of the Ashantis, for the latter are said to have pursued and attacked this part of the column.

"Though this thought is very painful to us, I must add, that I do not fear for the life of our foster-children. Their teacher was well known, and the children too may count on kindly treatment, for when a few days before the attack, they went to the water from time to time, they came across armed Ashantis, who left them unmolested as soon as they heard that they belonged to Mr. 'Ramsa.' 'We have no war with Ramsa,' they said. I therefore fully believe that they are alive, and that no harm has been done to them by the enemy. But the thought as to whether we shall ever get them back haunts me continually. I hope it will happen after the subjugation of the rebel chiefs, but who knows when that will be?

"A March for Life or Death.

"The file was in marching order at last, and the column set out a little before six a.m. Our advance was slow, for hindrances and interruptions kept occurring every moment, and forced us to halt. We were still near the fort, when we heard shooting in the distance. The vanguard had encountered the enemy, and a hot fight ensued, which did not, however, last long. The enemy was repulsed, and we could continue our march. We came to the Subeng, a water that

flows almost right round Kumassi. In my foolishness, the thought came to me: How are we to cross over it without wetting our shoes? But what totally different and worse things were to follow!

"At the same place a footpath from the town joined our road, and at the junction stood a densely packed crowd of women, heavily laden with their possessions, and clamouring to join us. All exhortations and threats were useless, until the officers interfered, and forcibly created order. Then we could advance in somewhat quicker time. After half an hour's march we lit upon one of the enemy's stockades. It consisted of thick trunks, that lay piled one upon the other between stakes that had been rammed in about six feet in height, and were about eighty paces in length.

"Since the foe had retreated, the entrenchment was passed without further difficulty, but scarcely had my wife's hammock bearers noticed some plantains in a hut in the camp, than they all scattered themselves throughout the camp and hunted for provisions. In vain two solitary hammock-bearers endeavoured to carry my wife over the high stockade, and when I, for the moment forgetful of my weakness, tried to help them, I fell back full length on the ground, in the immediate proximity of a young fallen Ashanti soldier. Other dead bodies were lying around, and broad streaks of scattered powder on the ground showed with what speed the enemy had cleared the field.

"Later on we heard that our vanguard had not directly attacked the stockade, but had gone round it on one side, and then attacked the enemy in the flank. But the attack had cost the lives of our very good friends, Captains Leggett and Marshall, who with Captain Armitage had been in command of the vanguard. When the Hausas came across the enemy, they halted at first and pressed backwards. Then Captain Armitage and Leggett bravely rushed forward at the head of the little band, and led them on to victory. But severely wounded the latter one remained on the field, and his comrade Marshall who had been called to fill the gap shared his fate. A few days later they died of their wounds. Both had been wounded several times in former fights and sallies near Kumassi. In the case of Leggett, his fourteenth wound was the cause of his heroic death."

Referring to this thrilling hour, I cannot do better than quote the words of Lady Hodgson in her book published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson. She writes:—

"The column had halted, and except for the sound of firing in front a deathlike silence prevailed. The only movement was the restless shifting of the hammock men; all were alert, for we knew that the supreme moment which was to decide our fate was near at hand. To be under fire in a strongly built fort is an awful experience, but can any woman who has not been through it realise what it means to be

in a hammock, the trees of the forest touching you on both sides of the narrow path, and with bush so dense that thousands could be hidden in it pointing their guns at you, while you would be quite unconscious of their close proximity until the report of the guns was heard?

"The enemy opened fire from their stockade as our advance guard came in sight. Then the firing went on without ceasing. Only those actually taking part in the struggle knew what was happening, and the suspense was terrible. We felt that the longer the stockade was untaken the greater was our peril. . . . The firing went on for about twenty minutes, when a triumphant shout went up from our men of 'Allah! il Allah!' Our hearts gave a jump of joy, but only a momentary one; for this welcome shout was answered by the victorious war-cry of the Ashantis, a hideous noise with which during the siege our ears had become familiar. We did not know what to think! At these supreme moments of life thoughts seemed dulled; a stirring leaf, or a pretty flower, or a man's curious pose, pin your attention, and distract it from what is taking place around you. I gave one cry of 'We are lost!' My dear friend, Dr. Chalmers, pushed his way to the hammock's side, and, taking my hand, he said, 'Be quite calm; wait!' At this moment again our men shouted 'Allah! il Allah!' and this time there was no response from the rebels. The bugle sounded the 'Cease fire!' and in a few minutes the advance

followed, and we moved on again. The stockade had been taken."*

"Mr. Weller, too, passed the barricade with difficulty, and for this purpose Mrs. Haasis and Mrs. Jost had to leave their hammocks. The bearers disappeared with the hammocks, and from thence the poor ladies were forced, as we were, to make the long, unspeakably toilsome march on foot. Altogether we soon saw that carrying was an impossibility with such weak and starved men, and with the speed at which we were forced to advance.

"It hurt me to the depth of my heart when I looked upon the two sisters, whose dresses after a short time looked utterly unlike women's clothing; but if we wished to save our lives, we were obliged to be grateful that we had the absolutely necessary carriers for my helpless wife and our sick brother Weller. It cost us much trouble and anxiety to induce the bearers to come back to the two hammocks, after they had seized some provisions in the camp. Immediately afterwards we reached the village of Pataase, which seemed to have been only just abandoned by its inhabitants, for a whole pot of palm-nuts was on the fire. Our approach had evidently been a great surprise to the people.

"Before continuing my narrative, I must mention that we had with us, for our personal attendance, our cook,

^{*} This extract is taken from "The Siege of Kumassi," by Lady Hodgson, an illustrated demy 8vo volume, published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., at 21s.

Yao Kuma (a native of Kumassi), who would not desert us, a young workman from Okwawu, a slavechild, and a boy. The Josts were accompanied by a daughter of the native evangelist Amoa, in Ashanti-Scarcely had we reached the village, when Yao and others hurried to the pot, and brought my wife a handful of warm boiled palm-nuts, which she ate with a keen relish. Then he eagerly searched the huts, and was lucky enough to find an egg; that he also brought to my wife, full of joy. The fact that perhaps here and there provisions might be found, made it also very difficult to keep the carriers from deserting the hammocks again, for every one was naturally set upon satisfying his hunger. shots that fell behind us, warned us that it was not advisable to loiter. Λ little later we passed two wounded Hausa soldiers, one of whom asked us with a weak voice whether we were not coming with hammocks for the wounded. I consoled them, by saying that the rearguard with the surgeon would soon come up. Soon we came across the bodies of two fallen Hausas, and on the ground empty cartridges were lying about everywhere, which led us to conclude that a hot encounter had taken place here.

"Towards midday we heard a loud noise, and saw smoke rising everywhere. It was the whole column making a short halt in the village of Aburaso. The people had carried firing materials together, and now sat round their fires and roasted all the pisang fruits and other produce of the plantation hard by. The poor things were once more able to satisfy their craving. We, too, partook of food; but although I did not show it, I was continually thinking of the dangers that possibly awaited us.

"After a short rest the order for departure was given. Under the greatest difficulty the bearers for the two hammocks and the boxes were sought for: but Mr. Weller's trunk had disappeared, and was not to be found. So we marched on, and after more than three hours, which seemed endlessly long to us, amid pouring rain and at a late hour, we at last reached the deserted village of Tabuom, where the greater part of the column was camping in the open air, while the officers and officials had taken possession of the huts. The governor had put up his tent; but as soon as he saw us arriving, he came out and informed us that one of the huts had been reserved for us. How grateful we were for this kindness! The hut was small and narrow; but it offered us a dry place to spend the night, all six of us closely packed. As it was already dark, and raining continuously, we could not think of lighting a fire to cook anything. We, therefore, ate some meatielly, of which Mr. David had given us a small To our joy, Mr. Weller was tin on the morning. fairly bright.

"Thus the first day had passed; but we were now in the midst of the hostile bands of the Ashantis, who kept hidden in the woods round about. This we learned from the shots that were fired now and

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then. In the afternoon we had been under a steady fire. This happened just after we had passed through a certain hamlet. Then my wife distinctly heard the call of an Ashanti, and a few steps further there was firing from the woods on either side. At the same moment one of our men who was carrying the cooking utensils said: 'A bullet has hit me.' And true enough blood was flowing down the side of his head. Fortunately, it had only been a slight wound, and the lead had not penetrated the brain. We halted at once, and saw, to our relief, about ten men of our protective escort hurry up at once, and fire a few rounds right and left into the forest, thereby driving off the enemy. The danger was indeed averted for the time, but our continual anxiety was: 'What will the next day bring?'

"After a prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord, who had so mercifully preserved and helped us on, we went to sleep in our damp clothes. Even our shoes had to remain on our feet, for we could not have put them on again next morning. I need scarcely mention that our couch was very hard; it was just the red soil of the hut. To gain room, I stretched myself out on the two boxes, and used the brass basin, filled with all sorts of clothes, as a pillow. Only our friend Weller had a good woollen blanket and his dressing-gown, which was warm but wet.

"Slowly the night hours passed, and the rain poured down uninterruptedly. We could hardly think of sleep, for so many things occupied our minds, and so many cares oppressed us in the thought of what was still awaiting us. We had no news of our children and the teacher; but we consoled ourselves with the fact that many bearers were still in the rear.

"Before daybreak, just as sleep was stealing upon us, the bugle-signal sounded. All woke up in the camp. Was the signal only for the soldiers, or was it the sign for general breaking up? I went to Major Morris and asked for information.

"'Of course we are going to break up at once," I was told; 'collect your carriers as quickly as possible.'

"Hastily we began to make coffee, for which we had collected the water during the night, in a jug, from the gutter of the grass roof. In the meantime, I went after the carriers, but in spite of all efforts they could not be brought together. Scarcely had we drunk our coffee, when an officer came up and called to us: 'Are you ready?'

"'Far from it,' I answered, 'I am still looking for our bearers.'

"'Well, then, make haste; we are just off."

"Again we sought for our men, and at last procured the ones absolutely necessary for two hammocks. But where were the other four hammocks? They were not to be found, and we never saw them or their contents again. All search and inquiry was in vain; time pressed, and the file set out once more. We had to fall in and do our march on foot. Only my wife and Mr. Weller could be placed in the hammocks.



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Shots here and there showed us that the enemy was on our track.

"So we departed in the early morning. The rain which had slightly abated, now began again, and only left off about ten o'clock. Much as the rain inconvenienced us-my wife and Mr. Weller lay in their hammocks as in a wet compress—we were grateful for it: though it drenched us, it prevented the foe from using their muskets, the rain damping the powder at the gun-cap. And, indeed, during the first few hours of our march we suffered hardly any inconvenience. But the roads became worse, and led through countless brooks and rivulets. The two poor ladies had to wade through water like ourselves, reaching even higher than the knees. We were continually passing through sloughs and bogs, which were worse than water, for our feet sank deep into the grey mud each time, so that it was an effort to pull them out. I will not venture to describe the appearance of our dress.

"The wearied carriers were continually grumbling, and would have preferred to go off at once. In addition to this, the officers and scanty estort urged us to walk more quickly. Several reserve carriers had gone off, in order that they might not be made to carry. And now the others declared that they were tired, and wanted substitutes. But where were they? It was misery! The two ladies and Mr. Jost faithfully remained at Mr. Weller's side, who was now and then conscious. His hammock-bearers made good progress, by means of encouragement and warning,

and he himself was even able to walk a little from time to time, taking Mr. Jost's arm, and this gave his bearers some rest. But with my wife it was different. With the best of wills, she could not walk one step. She and her hammock were wet through, no wonder that the carriers found her a heavy burden, and became cross and often threw her down on the ground. It happened about ten times on one day. I called upon the Lord in our distress, for it seemed to surpass our powers. But it was to be still worse, and the distress was yet to be at its greatest.

"AN IMMINENT PERIL.

"It was about eleven o'clock. The rain had ceased. and the bearers dragged my wife on as best they could. Fortunately the other missionaries, with Mr. Weller and Catechist Adaye, who was assisting them, were fairly well on in front. We could also see none of the escort, only a few carriers with their loads kept passing us. Then suddenly we heard quick firing a little way behind us. It was the enemy, who had suddenly attacked the long train of carriers. Very soon a number of carriers passed us in headlong flight. Others kept following, and the number of fugitives increased every moment. Now one and another threw down their loads, boxes and chests, and ran off then The firing increased, the enemy was and there. drawing nearer, and the general panic seized all.

"I asked our bearers to hurry as much as possible, and promised them a present. In the most impressive manner, I made it clear to them that we must on no account stay behind! Then they suddenly halted! It was in vain. They let the hammock with my wife fall, and fled. O Lord, what is to become of us now! Again some carriers ran past us. Stoppage was impossible. At last two Hausa soldiers came by. I entreated them to help us, but they gave no ear to us. They were only thinking of their own safety. They said they must join their column in the front, but they took the time nevertheless, to smash the boxes that were lying about, with the butt ends of their guns, and seize the contents. A few others passed us by, then we stood absolutely alone in the road, surrounded by the forest, while the shooting drew nearer and nearer.

"I had lifted my terrified wife out of the hammock, and so we awaited our fate. I said to her: 'I am afraid we shall again fall into the hands of the Ashantis, let us therefore pray.' In few words, but from the depths of our hearts, we prayed the Lord above all things for submission to His will, though He could save us by a miracle. Then we stood alone on our forest path, and expected an Ashanti to appear every moment. The shots came singly now, but all the nearer to us, so that the enemy could scarcely be more than a few hundred steps off. In my mind I saw already how the Ashantis would pounce upon us, and would drag us into the forest behind them. Oh, what moments those were! But the Lord heard our sighs.

"While I was anxiously looking along the path, and expecting no one but the foe close at hand, I suddenly saw two Hausa soldiers approaching, and close behind them two officers, Captain Aplin and Dr. Macfarlane. Both were horrified at seeing us in this position. At once several of the men following them were asked to act as carriers, and to convey my wife farther. But they did not do it, until I had promised them a substantial reward at the next halting place. The hammock-cover was cut away quickly with a bush-knife, in order to make the weight lighter, and we now advanced at a quick march.

"That was indeed an answer to prayer, a rescue from imminent danger! Soon we were again in the midst of the rearguard, and continued our march with grateful hearts. It seemed easy to me now, to wade through waters and puddles, even when half an hour afterwards we came to a comparatively wide river, the waters of which rose to my thighs. Immediately after this, we caught up the column, where I found our cook Yao, whom our friends had sent out to get news of us. The river Ngwi, which we had passed before, is said to be the boundary between Ashanti and the province of Nkwanta; but although we were glad to hear this, it did not relieve us much, because the water would hardly keep the enemy from pursuing us.

"From thence we again advanced rather slowly, for the ground now rose in undulations, and now and then we had difficulty in climbing the heights, since they gave the carriers much trouble. Fortunately we had the two kind officers close behind us, and they knew how to spur the carriers on, and more than once they gave a hand to the hammocks themselves. On the way we also came across some of our carriers again, and at the officers' command they were at once obliged to take over the hammocks, while the present ones disappeared for good and all, in spite of the promised reward.

"The heights became steeper and more pathless. The ground rendered slippery by the rain, made it impossible for the hammock to be carried up. how were we to ascend? There was nothing to be done but for my wife to leave the hammock, and do the worst part on foot, in spite of her lameness, supported by the bearers, and led by Dr. Macfarlane. When she was again able to lie in her hammock, and a fresh steep place had to be passed, I saw how the helpful doctor put his shoulder under the pole of the hammock, and so assisted in pushing and carrying it. As for myself, I was so exhausted and powerless, that in spite of all my efforts I was unable to raise the hammock. It was all the more touching to see how helpful the two officers were to us in every way. Yes, all our lives we shall be grateful to them, for what they were to us on that day, and for saving us, humanly speaking, from the hands of the Ashantis.

"The day came to a close. Meanwhile we had waded through many waters, and had been forced to listen to the bearers' many sighs. Then the buzz and hum of a great crowd of people became audible. Had we at last reached the halting place? There was one more height to scale, and then Captain Armitage's men came to meet us.

"We were in the village of Fawohia Kosie, where they were all encamped. What relief! what joy! For here, too, we again met all the other missionaries, of whom we had long heard and seen nothing. Our joy at meeting again was mutual after we had passed through such great danger. The inhabitants had left the place, but provisions could be fetched from the plantation. Here, too, a hut had been reserved for us by the governor's order, and we made our household arrangements as best we could.

"If we could only have provided ourselves with dry clothes; but we made the terrible discovery that, not only had the governor and the officers lost several items of luggage, but that we too were three loads short, since the carriers had thrown them aside in their fear of the Ashantis. One was the Josts' box, containing clothes, a bottle of port wine, which the doctor had given us for the journey, a tin of sugar, and a bottle of lemonade in case of thirst. Also Mr. Weller's trunk was missing, containing the account books and about £10, besides clothes and manuscripts. Dear Mrs. Haasis, too, had lost all her possessions, which she had packed in a sack, besides two tins of soup which we had kept for the journey, as well as her jottings. That was an unpleasant discovery, but the thought that none of us had been lost made up for our other losses, and cur Bibles and New

Testaments in German and French had also been preserved to us, thank God. Yet we missed the wine and soup a good deal during the following days, especially for our very sick brother, Mr. Weller. Fortunately we were still provided with tea and coffee.

"Thanking God, we went to rest in the evening of this eventful day—i.e., we stretched ourselves out on a mat, spread on the ground of the small hut, although our wet clothes were not dried thereby. Mrs. Jost also had the misfortune to lose one of her shoes, which had stuck fast in the mud in the morning, and had been forced to travel on in her stocking. In the evening Catechist Adaye gave up his shoes to her, and in them she performed the march to the coast. Truly, this Sunday, June 24th, will not be forgotten by us!

"DAYS OF REST AND REFRESHMENT.

"At an early hour the bugle gave the signal for departure. Soon afterwards the whole column began to move. This time a different place had been assigned to us, more in the front of the column, near the two officers, who had evidently been ordered not to leave us, and especially to urge on the carriers. The fact that we had heard nothing of the enemy since the evening before made us travel with slightly more assurance than previously, but the road remained just as bad. Water and bogs had to be passed alternately. But, fortunately, the rain, which had set in in the morning, ceased, and so we were at least safe from

moisture from above. A good friend, Captain Read, was also kind enough to put his own hammock and bearers at the disposal of the two ladies, which they gratefully made use of for a while. But soon some of the bearers had disappeared, and since the remaining ones complained that they had to do the carrying alone, the women preferred to walk again.

"About midday we reached the foot of a mountain, which at first gave us no cause for anxiety. But when the ascent became continuous, we asked ourselves: What is to become of us if we have to go on climbing? Altogether the up-hill march was very trying for us all, since we had had nothing strengthening to eat during the last two days, and were very much weakened to begin with.

"At last we reached the summit, and after a short rest, the descent was begun. Mr. David, whom we met here, told us on this occasion that we were no longer in a hostile land, and that Nkwanta, where we were to spend the night, had remained loyal to the Government.

"The chief of this district, who had been with us in the fort, was said to be coming behind us. That was indeed joyful news, which made our fagged bearers revive also. In hopes of now getting enough to eat they were again more willing to carry on to the end, especially as I promised the brave ones a reward for the hard ascent and descent.

"So we advanced full of new hope; but the way was long, and crowded with marshes at the mountain foot.



MRS. RAMSEYER BEING CARRIED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

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But soon there were signs of the first plantations. We had to be on our guard, for in a moment some of the carriers had disappeared in the plantations to hunt for provisions without any thought of the owners. Now we had to climb one more height, bounded by plantations right and left, where several deserters were pillaging unabashed. Fortunately, our carriers were prevented by the officers from doing so. Now a troop of Nkwanta people passed us, going to meet their chief. They greeted us kindly, and were much surprised when we addressed them in their own language, Ashanti. How surprised we were to see these strong well-fed men. For months we had only seen miserable forms.

"After a short time, we reached the village of Nkwanta, where every one had settled down in homely fashion. The officers had chairs brought for us, until a house had been found for us. To our great delight, we heard that we were to rest here on the following day, which was specially welcome, on account of our poor patient, Mr. Weller. The place was not large, but many new houses were in process of building. All the inhabitants were up and doing, to receive their chief with music and drums. A house to accommodate all six of us was found with difficulty. It was very small, but then we had little luggage! Here at last we could once more buy mutton—although at a high price—and make a nutritious soup.

"It will not be taken amiss, if I confess that, after the long time of starvation, we looked forward to

the dinner like children, and could scarcely wait till it was ready. Of the crockery which we had when we set out on our journey, three cups and three plates had been lost, and we only possessed a single spoon, so that we had to make some of bamboo. How we rejoiced, that we were able to give our dear brother Weller some better food! If a little milk had only been obtainable; but we could not expect that before reaching the coast, and the journey would still be a long one. Since we had the prospect of a day's rest, I took off my shoes now for the first time. But, in consequence, I was obliged to walk barefoot as long as we were in Nkwanta, which was no small matter amongst the many pebbles and sharp stones.

"The day of rest did us all good, and it was therefore no unpleasant surprise, when we were told that we were to stay on a day longer. There was no lack of food, although at a very high price, owing to the great demand. Sheep too were brought from the surrounding villages, and bought up by the Hausa soldiers, who sold it retail. We were very glad to be able to dry our clothing and body-linen at last, and the two sisters even went to the river to do the most necessary washing.

"Meanwhile the governor had several consultations with the chief of Nkwanta, who had entered the village riding on the shoulders of his men, and with great triumph. We heard too, that a messenger had arrived from Bekwae and was to return thither with letters. It was therefore to be hoped that, from Bekwae and



HAIR DRESS.

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Prasu, the news of our successful escape out of Kumassi would soon reach our missionaries on the coast, and then Europe, for, since our imprisonment within the fort, nearly two months, no certain news of us had reached the outer world. Here, too, we gained certain information concerning the relief forces. We were told that there were many soldiers, who had been forced to face the Ashantis in many a severe engagement, but that they were waiting for reinforcements from Bekwae and Prasu, before being able to advance against Kumassi. We learned from this, that it would have been hopeless to hold out longer in Kumassi, and we looked upon it as a kindly guidance of our God, Who had allowed us to venture upon, and succeed in, this step.

"Our dear friend, Weller, was able to thoroughly enjoy these two days of rest. He tried to walk a few steps now and then, and often seemed quite clear in his mind. But we always had to give heed to him. for he would suddenly get up and walk away, although his legs would hardly carry him. He could eat fairly well, and we were thankful to be able to give him more nutritious food. But we learned from a rumour, according to which the rebels had attacked some of the villages of the Nkwanta district, and taken the people there prisoners, that we were not yet quite out of danger from the Ashantis. This showed that we should not be in safety till we had crossed the river Ofe in the district of the English Colony proper.

"This theory seemed to be true, for after we had heard on the second rest day, that the governor was to proceed with the first part of the column, and we were to follow him with the other half the day after, Captain Read came to us in the evening with the news: 'Mr. R——. the position seems to have become rather dangerous: we may be attacked once more by the rebels. Therefore the whole column will march together to-morrow morning.' They feared that the Ashantis had made use of our two days of rest to pursue us, and to prevent us from crossing the Ofe. That was bad news, filling us with fresh anxiety. But we were under the care of our God, Who had so far safely guided us, and would still protect us. But before we departed from hospitable Nkwanta, our good friend Captain Marshall died in the night, of his wounds, which he had received at the storming of the stockade near Kumassi. He was quietly buried in the morning of June 28th, at the next village.

"AT THE RIVER OFE. DEATH OF OUR COMPANION.

"On Thursday, June 28th, we continued our journey. Again we passed through streams, rivers, and marshes, but were fortunately without rain. Towards evening we reached Adubia, without even having heard or seen anything of the enemy. Similarly we reached the small village of Takorowase, whose inhabitants had fled, safely, but wet up to our waists. Since the village was deserted, it was very difficult to procure

the most necessary provisions. Only a little meat, and salt, which was so dear that we only got a soup-spoonful for a shilling, were obtainable. The possibility of buying anything at all we owed to the loyal chiefs and men, who went in advance of our column, bought up provisions in the villages, and sold them retail at higher prices.

"Here in the miserable village, where only a very small hut was at our disposal, Mr. Weller's state seemed to grow worse. He became more restless, and his hands moved continually, as if he were trying to seize something. But now and then he had a few fairly clear moments. In such a moment, when he expressed the conviction that the Lord would call him away that night, we spoke to him, and tried to quiet him. I also made use of the opportunity, when I had assured him, that all our days are in the Lord's hand, of asking him whether he had any message for his relatives, in case the Lord were to call him away soon. Thereupon he gave me affectionate remembrances for all his dear ones at home, and the assurance that he knew the Lord would take him into His kingdom as His child, washed in the Blood of Christ. Then I asked him if he had ever repented of coming to Kumassi. Decidedly and joyfully he replied: 'Oh no, oh no!' How overjoyed I was at this answer! In the end we prayed together, and he became quite quiet again. He often spoke with Mr. Jost, also; but we could not be quite sure whether he was fully conscious. In his lucid moments, our

sisters repeated texts and verses of hymns to him, which visibly pleased him.

"On the following morning the bugles were heard at a very early hour, and we were already sighing at the thought of having to hunt for our carriers, when Captain Armitage came with the news that the men who had been sent the day before to the Ofe to make preparations for our crossing, had sent word that the water in the river-bed was much too high to allow the whole column to pass in one day. The governor therefore considered it more advisable that at first only one-half of the column should continue its journey, and cross the Ofe. We were to halt one day longer in the village, with the second half and the rearguard, and then proceed on the following day; otherwise, we might run the risk of having to pass the night in the inundated territory. We understood this arrangement, and should have enjoyed the day's rest, if we had not felt the fear of an attack. But the day passed quietly, without the dreaded event. We were deeply moved by the news that our dear friend Captain Leggett had died of his wounds during the night, and had been buried before the governor's departure. "On Sunday, July 1st, we were all up and doing

at a very early hour, for we had to reach the banks of the river early, and cross before evening. The roads here, too, were bad; in fact, worse than ever. We went through bogs and thickets; the carriers dropped the hammocks any number of times, and we

were continually obliged to listen to the complaints of the people. But the thought of having no more foes to fear on the other side of the river, which would put an end to our flight, encouraged us not a little to bravely proceed, in spite of the complaints of our empty stomachs. At last, about one or two o'clock, a stoppage occurred in the column, the cause of which soon became evident.

"Before us lay a wide, boundless sheet of water, out of which hundreds of trees and bushes rose, circled round by the waters. Since we expected that we had reached the immediate vicinity of the river, we boldly walked into the water. It came up to our knees; but it became deeper and deeper. It rose to our waists, our chests, and still endlessly did the waters spread out before us. With the greatest care and difficulty, my wife and Mr. Weller were carried in suspended hammocks through the waters. But how were the two poor sisters faring, who had to work their way through in their heavy dresses? With fear I thought of them. And how often a tree-trunk or a mighty bough, branches or bushes lay across the water, which had to be passed. At the same time the ground under foot was uncertain, and the water went up to our chests.

"In this way an hour, two hours passed, and still we had not reached the river. Now we came to a mighty trunk, the upper part of which was just on a level with the surface of the water. Like monkeys the carriers, with their loads on their heads, climbed over the

cross there!'

branches. I too crossed the trunk with difficulty; behind me was my wife in her hammock. I was just going to wade on, when I suddenly darted into the deep, and stood above my chin in water. Then in my

despair I saw a climbing plant adhering to a tree, and seeming to offer some support for a while. I took hold of it, and found that in this place about four or five feet below the surface, a thin tree-trunk lay on wooden supports as a bridge over the deep. How is the hammock to pass that, I thought. And Dr. Macfarlane too, who stood in the water not far off, called to me:

'Mr. R——, I do not know how you are going to

"I exhorted the hammock-bearers, who had in the meantime safely crossed the great trunk with their load, to hold themselves carefully to the climbing plant, and to advance step by step on the unsafe trunk in the water, the distance not being very great. Softly, slowly they felt their way along. Then suddenly the front bearer missed his footing, and stood up to his chin in water. The others in front wanted

to help with much shouting, but also lost the slippery trunk in the deep, and in the next moment I saw the hammock half drop into the water, and swim on it like a boat. But some bearers still held the pole, although the water rose to their mouths. In this critical moment, I suddenly saw Dr. Macfarlane, our friend and quite a giant, jump into the deep water, without a moment's consideration, though it reached up to his shoulder, seize the one end of the bearing-pole, and

hold it up. With his assistance the bearers too found it possible to carry my wife's hammock across this difficult place. Again our good doctor had been our help in time of need, and we shall never forget his services of love.

"How I followed I cannot remember, but the thought of poor Brother Weller and the two sisters, with whom was also Brother Jost, moved me deeply. But I saw that Dr. Macfarlane remained on the spot and waited for them, and that freed me from my anxiety. Afterwards I heard from them, that not only the doctor, but also two officers, who were near, had taken care of them in the most devoted manner, so that they all succeeded in passing this deep spot; and we pursued our march through the waters.

"At last, when we had stood in the water for full three hours, we reached the river, where a boat was waiting for us. Fortunately it was so large, that not only my wife and I, but also three or four of the hammock-bearers could find room inside it. We succeeded in reaching the opposite shore, which rose high above the level of the water, so that we might hope to find no inundated stretches of land on that side of the river.

"A fire was burning on the dry bank, around which a few people were cowering and roasting pisangs. We took our seats amongst them at once, in order to warm ourselves a little, for we were dripping with the wet. But where were our brothers and sisters? I had seen nothing of them up till now.

and I anxiously looked over the river. At last I discovered them, and soon the boat came too, and set them ashore. For a while we continued round the fire and ate some bananas, then we proceeded on our journey. How glad we were to have crossed the much-talked-of river at last, and to know that we were safe from the Ashantis! But what we had to endure on that

Sunday, July 1st, whilst in Bâle our annual festival was beginning, and where surely our friends were praying for us—that we shall never forget. "After about an hour we reached the small village of Nkyinkoso, where we spent the night. We received the same huts that the governor had occupied the day before. They were wretched enough, but our hearts were full of gratitude for the help vouchsafed so far. Poor Mr. Weller, who was also quite wet through, and had not been able to change his clothes for several days, was provided with some dry ones. We also changed as far as possible, and quickly dried a few things in the rays of the setting sun. The kind sisters even went, tired as they were, to the water, to wash some of Weller's clothes.

"There was great dearth of provisions again, and we had to keep our appetite for meat till the following day, when we were to arrive at larger places. For to-day we had recourse to some coffee and a piece of cassava, which kind Captain Aplin had sent us. Instead of sugar, which had come to an end some time ago, we used some minute saccharine tablets, which our friend Mr. David had given to my wife on our departure, and



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which were a boon to us during the whole of the journey.

"By one o'clock on the following day, one part of the column reached the village of Akwaboso, where we were to take a day's rest. Now we had escaped from all fear of the pursuing Ashantis, and according to my request to the governor it was quite in our own hands whether we wished to travel quickly or slowly. But when we thought of the long distance between us and Cape Coast, especially in relation to our sick brother, whose condition grew more and more critical, and to our unsatisfactory equipment, we often asked ourselves when and how we should reach the coast. How easy illnesses might attack us in consequence of the long endurance and privation, all the more, since we were weakened and much exhausted. When we inquired of the people how far it was to Cape Coast, the answer was seven or eight days' journey; but you will probably take ten to eleven days. In reality we only reached the coast fifteen days after our departure from Akwaboso.

"The fact that, under given conditions of travelling, fever was to be expected showed itself in the case of Mrs. Jost, who had had several attacks on the way, and now had another one. Although being now among Denkjera's people who were loyal to the Government, these too were very eager to use the opportunity and to make money. How dear were the things they sold us! I bought, for instance, a piece of mutton not larger than the hand for eight shillings. Fortunately we met

Dr. Tweedie in Akwaboso, who at once took the care of Mr. Weller. He found his state a very bad one, and we heard afterwards that he stated at once that life could not last much longer. He sent him nutritious food, and the careful Mr. Branch provided us with some mutton and soup for the invalid. But strangely enough, although the doctor looked upon his condition as more critical, he seemed more lively on that evening, and not as apathetic as in the days before. But according to appearances, it was the last flicker of a waning light.

"In Akwaboso we also found our friend Captain Aplin, who, when he heard of our lack of funds, lent us five pounds, so that I could provide our carriers with the daily subsistence, and thereby pacify them. After a good meal we went to rest. Mrs. Jost felt a little better, and brother Weller seemed no worse. He slept by the side of brother Jost, who took good care of him. Past midnight when I had inquired after the time—Mrs. Haasis was now the sole owner of a watch—I asked Mr. Jost to give the invalid a little of the wine, which the doctor had sent him. He did so, but soon the patient made a movement with his hand, as if indicating that it was sufficient. Then we lay down to sleep again.

"Mr. Weller seemed then restful, except that during the last few days he breathed very fast. Towards morning Mr. Jost hurriedly called me. We went up to him, and saw with grief that our beloved companion in suffering had finished the fight, and

was now in the presence of the Lord. What sorrow it was to our hearts, to think that he had been called away in the midst of such privations in an unknown place, without our being even able to assist him in his last moments. On the other hand, no one could grudge him his happy release (although he never complained of pain), and how soothing was the thought that he was spared the long journey and its weariness in his sick condition!

"A few hours afterwards, our bearers had dug his grave at the entrance to the village. Accompanied by Catechist Adaye, we buried the earthly remains of our brother, wrapped in a woollen blanket, and besought heaven for consolation for his family at home, and for us. That was indeed a painful walk!

"The day of saddened rest passed by, and on the following morning we again prepared to proceed. We cast a last sad glance upon the lonely grave at the beginning of the village, where we left so much behind in unknown Akwaboso—and, now only five in number, we continued our journey.

"To THE COAST.

"In the two following days we reached the fairly large places Oboase and Domanase. The inhabitants received us kindly, and there was no lack of food, although very dear. The road, too, was somewhat better—i.e., wider, since we were now on the highway from Cape Coast to Sefwe in the north-west. There

were still many streams and swamps to be passed, and though we had hoped to have one of the ladies in turn carried in the second hammock, we deceived ourselves, because the carriers were partly invisible, partly they fell sick on the way. Yes, we heard from Adaye, who could only with difficulty drag himself along, that the smallpox had attacked many of them.

"The next two days brought us to Ayamfode and Mansiso. The latter was only a small village, but we had to pass the night there, because the pouring rain hindered our march. I also felt so unwell that evening that rest had been prescribed to me. Our shelter was very small, since the Hausas had already taken possession of the larger and better huts, and would not give them to us, although this had been an order of the governor everywhere when on this terrible journey.

"This July 7th * was my wife's birthday, and though birthday wishes were expressed, this was probably the most painful anniversary in her life.

"On the following morning, Sunday, July 8th, we reached the large town of Kwadjoanum Kurow after one hour and a half. We were introduced to the chief there, and to his crowd of satellites, and told him who

* On that day, July 7th, a telegram reached Bâle from Accra (Gold Coast), giving news of the happy delivery of the missionaries. This was the first news of their fate since their imprisonment in the fort. On the following day the English and German papers gave detailed accounts of their way of escape out of the besieged fort.

we were, and where we came from, and then expressed the wish that he would procure the most necessary food for us. The man was kind and assigned a roomy house to our use, but the inhabitants had come too much in contact with the coast already, and I did not like their behaviour.

"Here again I became conscious of how much strength I had lost; for when I delivered my little address to the chief my voice failed me now and then, and the words buzzed in my ears. As it was a large place we determined to rest here a day, more especially since fish and meat were to be had. If we only had been able to borrow some money, but this was impossible, even from the chief. The catechist Adaye asked him in my name to lend him £5 for a After this short time he was to receive his money back with 10 per cent, interest. wished to agree to this, but at this moment a negro from the coast entered the yard, and indicated to him that we were strangers, after all — we might perhaps be vagabonds, or merchants who had lost their way, and he would do better to refrain from giving us money. That pained me, for I had never experienced it, not even in Ashanti; and now I was obliged to suffer such disgrace in the Denkjera territory, and from the Africans whom we had learned to love so much.

"What was to be done? The brethren had already given me most of the little money they still had in their pockets, and it was almost spent. What were we to live on on the journey? In this distress, Mrs. Haasis drew out one more gold piece she had still in reserve. I sent Adaye quickly to change it. After waiting some time, he came back and declared that no one would give him more than nineteen shillings, though every one knew that it was worth twenty.

"After a long march we reached Bepowbeng, a village that we found full of people from Denkjera, and all going to war. The Government had asked the King of Denkjera to go to war against the Ashantis, and had provided the people with guns. The king had therefore set out, and was on the way to Bekwae, to join the superior warriors of that district. In Bepowbeng the chief wanted to set his house at our disposal for the night, but when we found there people sitting quietly in the yard, but suffering from smallpox, we declined and were content with a wretched hut.

"From thence our route next morning lay down the slope of a very steep mountain, at the foot of which a fairly swift river poured its dashing waters. As it was only half an hour's distance from the village we had left, our clothes were still in a fairly dry condition. But now we had to step into the water that rose to our waists. And how cold it was! The current also was so strong and powerful, that we had to be exceedingly on our guard, not to get torn away by it. But we succeeded in passing, though our clothes were wet for the rest of the day.

"At our next halting-place in the evening, we heard that we should cross the river Prah on the following

day, from which we concluded that we were gradually approaching the coast. But the nearer we got to the Prah, the oftener we came across swamps, and there was many a river that had to be waded through, which sent its muddy waters to the Prah. But we then came through villages, where we could easily obtain food. Generally we camped in the midst of the street, and called out the women standing around to cook us some yam roots and with it a kind of green dish that looked like spinach and tasted excellent. It was, of course, also important that our provisions should be cheap, for our purses had become nearly empty. I therefore from that time explained to the people where we spent the nights, that we were very grateful for the shelter provided, but that we had no money to give them presents according to the custom of the country, since the Ashantis had robbed us of all-all. This made an impression on the people, and they had pity on us. When we left they generally called out good wishes after us.

"We were soon to reach the Prah, and after our experience of the Ofe, we were of course rather afraid of it. We were only an hour's distance from it, when it began to rain. Our position did not improve thereby, and rather dismally we walked on towards the river, which has played such an important part in all the wars with Ashanti.

"At last we stood on its bank. The water was high and the bed wide. The rainy season had swelled the river here considerably, and the strong current and weird circle of waves made us anxious. But a good-sized boat took us safely to the other side, while our carriers were ferried across in a smaller one. The customary fare of threepence each, we were unable to pay, our money did not suffice. The people had to be content with a small present and the assurance that we belonged to the governor's column. We resumed our march, glad and grateful for having passed the Prah; but scarcely had we walked for half an hour, when we came to a fairly rapid tributary of that river. Fortunately we could again make use of a boat, in which we crossed the rushing river amid pouring rain.

"We were quite wet through when we reached the next village of Duabeng, where we evidently aroused the pity of the inhabitants, for they at once looked out for a roomy house, in which we soon found shelter. Fortunately there were also some few dry clothes in the box, but the wet shoes had to remain on our feet as usual. The people were very kind here too, and did their utmost for us. The owner of the house even gave us some of his own 'fufu' (broth from meat or fish with dumplings made of yam), which we much relished. Since we were only three days' journey from the coast, according to the statement of the inhabitants, I sought a messenger bound for Cape Coast, to ask the representative there of the firm of Rottmann & Co. to send us two hammocks with bearers, as well as some provisions and a little money. I was fortunate enough to find one; the messenger started at once, and, as we heard later, reached the coast in one day.

"A PLEASANT SURPRISE. THE END OF DISTRESS.

"We continued our journey south towards the coast. On the following morning, July 13th, after a short march, we reached the town of Mampong, where we had to stay for the rest of the day to dry our wet clothes. Here, too, the people received us kindly, and the chief provided us with food. We saw from the salt herrings, that were offered for sale in the streets, that we were nearing the coast. They were quite a luxury! Poor friend Adaye, who had hitherto braved all privations with us, had to remain here a few days longer as his feet were quite sore.

"The twenty-second day after we had left Kumassi, we reached the village of Nyanbotoasi, where we could unfortunately obtain next to no food. Everywhere we were told, that the Hausas had taken everything, and had consumed everything eatable. It was therefore impossible to halt there, and so we proceeded on Sunday, July 15th, little guessing what a surprise, what joy was to fall to our lot on that day. We had walked about two hours along the worst possible roads, through puddles, bogs, and brooks, when we heard in the distance monotonous singing. It drew nearer and nearer, and seemed to proceed from a large number of people. Then the first of them appeared. They were Krooboys-negroes from the coast of Liberia, who are employed as workmen all along the coast of West Africa. Others followed, of whom a few were carrying a hammock.

- "'Whither are you going?' I asked them.
- "'We are coming for you,' we were told in broken English.
- "'For us? What?' They cannot be the carriers that I asked for by a messenger from Duabeng, a day and a half ago.
 - "'Who sends you?'
- "'Fischer & Co.,' was the answer. 'The clerk is coming directly.'

"And really, a Fanti-man in European clothes, the clerk Abraham, from the firm of Fischer & Co., in Cape Coast, came up and handed us a letter. From this, we learned to our indescribable joy, that our brother Binhammer, the general agent for our mission in Accra. had ordered the representative of that firm in Cape Coast by telegram, to send four hammocks with bearers, besides money, provisions, and other things to meet us at once. And here they were. Our surprise, our joy In the first moment, we were may be imagined. unable to realise the fact. And what a sudden change in our position. A quarter of an hour before, we had been beggars, nobody would lend us money of which we had such need, and now we had more than enough, and could travel in hammocks. But how had the news of our approach reached the coast? We owed this to our kind friend Branch, who had been in advance with the governor's column, and immediately after his arrival in Cape Coast had wired the news of our distress and the route we had taken to Mr. Binhammer in Accra. The telegram Mr. Branch sent, was saying:

From Branch, Cape Coast, 12th, to P. M. G., Accra.

"'Kindly suggest to Basel Mission that assistance in clothes, shoes, hammocks, food, candles, money, etc., be immediately sent to the relief of the poor missionaries, who came out with us—unless assistance sent them, am afraid they will never reach road to where they are quite safe.'

"And so in this way at last help came to us.

"In the next village we halted, and read the inventory of all the treasures we now suddenly held in possession. There were milk, Huntley & Palmer biscuits, and sausages. We tried them at once. Woollen blankets too, shoes, socks, and stockings, were contained in the loads. But we did not take them into use at once, as we did not wish to unpack everything. By the hammocks that had been sent, our travelling was much facilitated. I was also rather anxious, as to whether I should find fitting shoes for myself, and preferred therefore to travel on in my own, although my feet were very painful. Now, too, we were free from the dreaded need of money. What a different continuation of the journey!

"It was a keen delight, after the long, terrible and wearisome marches—and under what privations!—to be carried in a hammock. How quickly we now advanced! My wife's carriers could scarcely keep up. How we thanked the Lord for this relief, when we spent the night in a wretched hut in the village of Mfum, and said our prayers! From Mfum we had

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about a ten hours' journey to Cape Coast, which, at first, we hoped to accomplish in a day. But when we reached Djukwa about midday, it became evident that the carriers were too tired to go on. Djukwa is looked upon as the capital of Denkjera; but it is small, and with its neglected houses makes a mournful impression.

"A two-storeyed house that rose up in the middle of the place, and in times past might have been quite well-favoured, offered now an uninviting place of shelter. But since all the other huts were occupied by Hausas and carriers, suffering from the smallpox, there was no other choice but for us to quarter in the two-storeyed building. Only one difficulty arose. How was my wife to ascend the steep wooden stairs, which showed no indication of banister or hand-rail? The carriers formed a plan. We had overcome greater and worse obstacles on our flight from the Ashantis. My wife was to be carried to the upper storey, lying in the hammock, and really the feat was soon performed. Twelve men took hold of, and raised, dragged, and hoisted the hammock with my wife up the steep steps. But in the middle room upstairs order and cleanliness had to be thoroughly restored first. The women and children who lived there had to look out for different quarters. swept and cleared out a good-sized heap of rubbish, before we could settle comfortably.

"That was the last evening that we spent en route, in our flight from Kumassi, and how our hearts leaped at the thought of reaching Cape Coast, and

therefore the coast proper on the following, the twenty-fifth, day of our journey! And how glad I was to get rid of our carriers at last; for since they received enough to eat, and their distress was at an end, they had often become bold and insolent. They came and went as they liked, so that I had the greatest trouble to get the needful men for my wife's hammock. Besides, they always pretended to be ill, and many of them were attacked by smallpox, with which not a few in the rear also sickened. On this evening, suddenly, also a number of bearers appeared with two hammocks; these were the men which I had asked for by the messenger from the firm of Rottmann & Co. As we were already sufficiently provided with men, we sent them back immediately.

"Tuesday, July 17th, brought at last the happy hour, when we came to the end of our march, and approached Cape Coast. How joyful were our hearts! The journey passed quickly, the road widened; on either side villages and hamlets greeted us. Towards eleven o'clock the first houses of Cape Coast appeared, and the roaring of the sea waves sounded like distant music to the ear. Soon we were walking through the town with its stately buildings and shops on the right and left. Continually we were greeted by: 'Akwaba, akwaba' ('Welcome, welcome'). But at the same time, we heard the exclamation: 'Mobo, mobo,' meaning 'Oh, the poor things.'

"A few moments more, and we stood on the premises of Messrs. Fischer & Co., who greeted us in a very 212

kind way, and did all they could for us. Like dreamers we saw ourselves suddenly transplanted from the desert into a European home. As refugees from the face of a bloodthirsty foe we had now reached the place where we knew that we were safe, and could recover from the fearful fatigue and privations, the terrors of the last few months. The marks of that time we still carried on our bodies to a sufficient extent. In order to reduce at all events the external signs, we at once sent to the shops to procure the most necessary items, for we lacked everything.

"Unfortunately, we had to complain of another mishap on this occasion: a trunk containing ladies' clothing, which the mission sisters at the stations had sent to our sisters from Accra, had not been put ashore by the steamer by mistake, and had thus gone on. The poor ladies, therefore, had to wait for a new outfit until they should reach Accra. Before all else we took a refreshing bath and put on new shoes. The ones I had used up till then had to be carefully cut away from my wounded feet, together with the socks. Oh, how happy we felt when we sat down all together to a well-spread table.

"Our safe arrival had at once been wired to Accra, so that on the same day several telegrams came from our dear brothers and sisters on the stations, expressing their joy and their gratefulness to the Lord for our deliverance. We were so moved that our hearts seemed ready to break. If only dear brother Weller had shared our joy!

"In the Circle of the Missionary Brethren.

"We should willingly have taken the steamer to Accra on the second day after our arrrival, but the complicated affair of paying the carriers, who had been assigned to us by the Government, had to be settled first. Up till then I had been of opinion that the fifty-two carriers, who had been assigned to us on our departure from Kumassi, and who were in the service of the Government, would also be paid by Government. I therefore applied to the officials in Cape Coast, and hoped they would settle the matter, when it came to dismissing the carriers. But I was mistaken. The officials, who had the same hope as I, wired to the governor, who had reached the coast a week before us, and inquired of him. On the third day I received the short and unexpected message:

"'I have the honour to inform you that His Excellency the Governor advises me that the cost of the transport of your party to the coast should be defrayed by others than the Colonial Government who brought you and your party safely out of Kumassi. I have, etc., etc.,

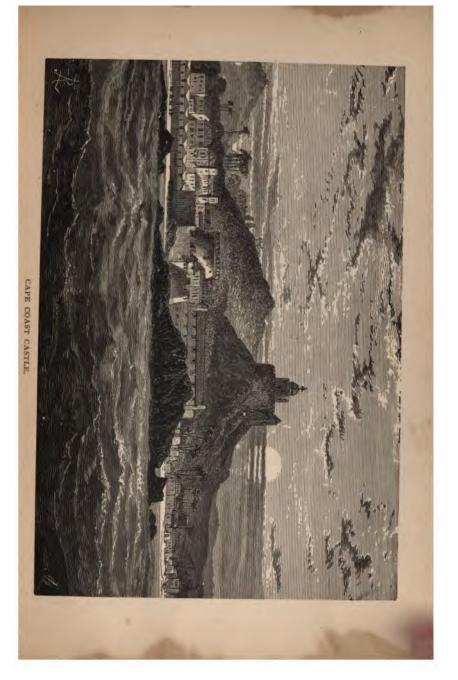
"'A. C., District Commissioner.'

"That was a sad disappointment, but I was obliged to pay the carriers, whose number was now reduced to twenty-two, against my will, for their services from Kumassi to Cape Coast. The affair cost us £23

sterling. The thought of this large sum, in addition to the expenses for the carriers who had been sent to meet us, and our great loss at Kumassi weighed heavily upon me, and I was obliged to own that wewere indeed 'dear' missionaries.

"Our weakness and wretchedness only became evident to us after a few days of rest. When I wanted to climb the fort steps at Cape Coast, my strength suddenly gave way, and my knees sank beneath me. Altogether it was a good thing that we remained some days more in Cape Coast, for a heavy fever attacked Mrs. Jost, almost developing into the dreaded blackwater fever. But thank God under the careful treatment of the English doctor, De Groot, who with great kindness came to our assistance with word and deed, the fever left her, and Mrs. Jost gradually recovered. Longingly we looked out for a steamer to take us to Accra to our missionaries. But it was a long time in coming. Meanwhile a transport from East Africa arrived, and landed to our great surprise Indian soldiers (Sikhs from North India), and troops from Uganda (Central Africa) for the Ashanti campaign. How sad we felt, when we saw them march by one morning! How many of them will never see their homes again! "At last, after a week's waiting and kindly care in

the house of Messrs. Fischer & Co., the English steamer Volta arrived, carrying two hundred and thirty men and ten European officers from Sierra one on board, bound for Ashanti. The surf was ry bad on this day, July 25th, and with some fears



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we entered a boat to go on board the ship that was lying far out in the water. The rolling waves rose high, and when I saw how the white foam rose and towered above us like a wall, I was afraid whether our boat would safely pass the mountain of waves. But the two next waves were smaller, and we safely passed through the roaring main, though the foam came into the boat on either side. We drew near to the steamer, and were fastened to its side. Mr. Jost climbed up the ship ladder, to ask that a chair might be lowered by means of the crane to convey our ladies up on board, while I was to remain in the unsteady boat to help them to get in.

"But then a difficulty arose, which none of us had considered. The crew were, it seemed, in doubt as to what kind of people we were. In our shabby travelling clothes and hats, they looked upon us as passengers whom they could hardly take into first-class cabins, and they looked surprised that we took it as a matter of course; for only poor people travel second class on these steamers. But the matter was soon to be explained. For scarcely had we given our names when we had got on deck, than the conduct of the crew changed quite suddenly. Every one hastened to accommodate us with the utmost kindness. Chairs were offered, ladies brought shawls and rugs; and when I asked whether we could have something warm, perhaps a cup of cocoa, the kind captain declared, 'Everything you desire-fifty cups of cocoa, if you like.'

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"The care and consideration shown to us on all sides touched me, so that more than once I could not go on speaking, on account of my emotion. We afterwards learned that amongst our fellow-travellers who had shown us so much kindness and sympathy, there had been three missionary couples belonging to the American Presbyterian Mission, and going to the Gabun.

"Although the steamer went very fast after it had landed the troops, we only reached Accra at 7 p.m. in darkness. It was therefore too late to go on shore, and we had to remain on board over night. Morning came, and the rocky shore of Accra lay before us. Soon after dawn we were on deck, and deeply moved we looked across to where the Bale Missionary Factory, decked out with flags and bunting, was bidding us welcome. Soon afterwards a boat containing three Europeans rowed up to us. They were the missioners Binhammer, our nephew Perregaux from Abétifi, and Gsell from Begoro. What a meeting! I could not utter a word; my heart was too full!

"We then prepared to land. After a hearty farewell to the captain and the American missionaries, the ladies were let down into the boat in a barrel, which had been half cut away and provided with a seat. We climbed after them, and rowed off from the ship. The boat approached the shore. But who were all the crowds of people standing on the beach and looking so expectantly across? We were soon to learn. The waves lifted and lowered the boat, and at last cast

it ashore. Strong arms clasped us, and carried us through the foam spray on to the dry sand of the shore. We were at home at last. And what a surprise! We found there all of our missionaries assembled, who with our native missionary helpers greeted us, and received us with ardent affection.

"What we felt is indescribable. Carriages stood ready for the ladies and the weak members of our party, and soon after we were all assembled in the sittingroom of our dear friends Binhammer, where before all else we expressed the feelings of our hearts in a prayer of thanksgiving. Involuntarily I had to think of February 8th, 1874, when we had been set free from captivity, and also returned via Cape Coast from Ashanti, and were welcomed in the same room by our missionary brethren. It is impossible to relate the love and sympathy showered upon us by the brethren of the other stations and in Aburi, the splendid healthstation on the mountains where we went at once. How can we say enough of the loving care which our dear brother, Dr. Fisch, and his wife bestowed daily on us? In consequence, our diminished strength soon returned. I will not forget to mention that our dear and brave friend, Mr. Adaye, who had been such a helper to us, and whom we had been obliged to leave behind at Mampong, has at last arrived here at Aburi on his way to his native town Akropong. was so poorly and his feet so full of sores that he was carried in a hammock.

"He, too, could not give us any news of our poor

slave-children and our friend Akonno, or of our agents still in the hands of the rebels; and how much do we think of poor Mrs. Ottu (the wife of our murdered catechist) and her children. From Aburi I have written again to Kumassi, entreating the commander-in-chief of the troops to remember them all when the time arrives.

"But only with grief can I think of the poor Ashanti people, above whom the storm-clouds of divine wrath are gathering. How gladly I would go out to them again soon; but I must accept the watchword: 'Home to Europe first, and then, please God, come back with renewed strength to help in taking up the work, and rebuilding that which was trodden under foot by the demon of blindness and of war, so that true peace may hold sway in that blood-soaked land, and its people may submit to the Prince of Peace. May God grant it soon! This is our constant prayer."

CHAPTER XII.

THE RELIEF OF THE FORT.

Some Details of the last days of Terror in Kumassi.

We have sympathetically followed the missionaries from Kumassi to the coast. Our fellow-feeling will no doubt also be with the small, but brave band, that had to hold out in the fort, surrounded by enemies. Their task it was to hold the fort, and so preserve England's honour. And truly their task was no easy one, in face of the number of the enemy, and with the scanty provisions that could be left behind.

At the head of the small garrison was Captain Bishop, with Lieutenant Ralph, and the army-surgeon, Dr. Hay. They were the only Europeans who stayed in the fort on the morning of the 23rd. The whole garrison amounted to about one hundred and fifteen Hausas, of whom only about twenty-five men were fit for fighting. The others could be posted behind the embrasures, but in their state of weakness, they would have been incapable of marching even an hour and a

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half to save their lives. They could hold the fort in case of need, but that was all. The only native officer was a man of seventy years of age. Besides the soldiers there were a few carriers and servants behind the walls, the buildings still existing in the town were all empty. Fortunately, the garrison was spared serious fights, but several Hausas died daily of starvation, and the survivors gave up all hope of eventual release.

Gradually death decreased the garrison by onethird, and when at last the relieving column reached Kumassi on July 15th, the besieged were in such a state of utter weakness that scarcely any one was able to fire his carbine in token of welcome. Resignation had taken such hold of the people that only the fewest cared for release. A poor starving Hausa shot a bullet through his own head while in this state, because delivering death would not come quickly enough.

At first the besieged had quite hoped to be relieved in five days' time at the latest, and bravely made their preparations for the event of their being attacked by the Ashantis. Major Morris had, indeed, hardly left the fort with his column on that morning, when a hostile troop from Bantama came in sight. Probably they thought the fort had been evacuated, but the fire of two Maxim guns told a different tale. They therefore fired a full volley and retired. But the deserted camps of the people, who had set out with the governor, were a health-endangering site, just under the walls of the camp. The bad smell that rose

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from thence was so unbearable that, in spite of the tropical heat, the windows of the fort had to be shut. The smell, as well as the presence of numberless vultures, led to the conclusion that decaying bodies were inside the camp huts. This place would have to be cleared at all costs, but before burning it to the ground, the two officers wished to ascertain whether any half-dead people were there. They put scarves over their mouths and noses, and examined the separate huts with several men. Everywhere they found decaying bodies, among them many that had been devoured by vultures. In one hut there was a woman near starvation, who had had her dead child beside her for three days.

In the meantime starvation continued its work. Every day some died. The gates of the fort remained carefully closed; only in the early morning and at the fall of night they were opened for a few minutes. so that the dead might be carried out, and put into the nearest pit-for the people were too ill to make graves. Every morning the first task of the officers consisted in dealing out the scanty rations to the men. But many of the people were too weak to come up to the table and take them. They lay about on the floor, and were worn down to skin and bone. Some of them had eaten poisonous herbs to satisfy their hunger, after which their whole bodies swelled. At last the rations only consisted of a cupful of linseed meal, and a cube of tinned meat, a square inch in size. Now and then negro women appeared

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before the fort, and offered a few provisions at incredibly high prices. They were greedily bought up, and would have been even if they had been three times as costly. Money had lost its value altogether, since it was only a question of eking out life. Unfortunately, a quantity of the rusks, forming the all too scanty provisions, was so badly packed that it was eaten by worms, or thickly covered with mildew.

Every second or third day the anxiety of the besieged was still increased, by the news that the loyal Bekwae and Nkwanta tribes had submitted to the foe, and were encamped two days' journey from the town. They were also told that the governor's column had been scattered, and that the Ashantis had brought the head of a white man into their fort. And to make the position worse still, smallpox broke out, so that the sick had to be placed in a hut outside the fort.

In this height of distress the commanding officer determined to try a message to Bekwae. He offered the first man who would make the venture one hundred pounds. Two men volunteered, but they returned without having been able to creep through to Esemuja, five hours distant, where the relief forces were said to be stationed.

Now and then Ashantis were visible outside their barricades—once to burn down the Bâle missionary chapel, and once to destroy that of the Wesleyans. The besieged could not prevent it in either case. Especially by night the foe swarmed round the fort in small detachments.

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At last, on July 14th, the people thought as they had so often thought, that they heard shots in the distance; but no importance was attached to the matter. They had too often been deceived. But in the evening the Hausa officer assured them he had certainly heard the crash of a seven-pounder. The besieged therefore tried their utmost, and three times fired their cannons as a signal, but they received no answer. Only on the following morning, July 15th, they could clearly distinguish three volleys in the distance, and the officers gathered fresh hope. But the afternoon came before a fierce cannonade indicated that their liberators were certainly coming. All the sadder it was, that at the same time as the relief was coming, some men in the fort lay dying. For them relief was too late.

Meanwhile the firing came nearer. British cries of "hurrah" were heard, and a bomb hissed over the fort. Several shells struck at some distance right and left, until a trumpet signal in the distance commanded halt. The besieged in their turn fired a Maxim gun, in order to give the approaching relief-forces a sign of life. At last, at six o'clock, with the approach of evening, the first of the vanguard came forth from the bushes. A fox-terrier was trotting gaily in front of them. Two trumpeters on the verandah of the fort blew a welcome with a supreme effort of their lungs. Colonel Willcocks with his officers entered, the troops posted themselves in front of the fort and wildly greeted their comrades, who

had held the fort amidst the greatest privations, and long after they had given up the hope of relief.

The general extent of the revolt had been the cause of the long delay, as well as the climatic conditions. The rainy season had put great difficulties in the way of the troops dispatched from the coast. The roads, which had changed into swamps, and led through the primeval forest that was already difficult of access; the rivers that had flooded their banks—all this hindered the march of the English columns, which were advancing slowly and amidst terrible difficulties.

Besides, the separate detachments showed themselves powerless against the numerous war-trained bands of the Ashanti rebels. They were repeatedly defeated, and could not make headway to Kumassi, until Colonel Willcocks, who had just arrived from the Niger territory, collected a larger body of troops near the boundary river Prah, and began his march upon Kumassi. After hard fighting with the rebel tribe of Adanse, occupying the mountain district there, he at last reached the district of the loyal Bekwae, where he received news that the governor had fought his way through in a south-westerly direction, and had reached Nkwanta.

But the small garrison of the fort in Kumassi would have to be relieved by July 15th, at the latest. Willcocks gave his word, and kept it. Amid continuous torrents of rain and on pathless tracks, he circumvented the enemy's chief position near Kokofu, by turning to the west, and advancing towards

Kumassi. He reached it, as we have seen, on July 15th, but not without serious encounters with the foe, who offered desperate resistance, particularly behind the barricades near the capital. The camp of the Ashantis was stormed, and the relief forces entered Kumassi in triumph on the evening of July 15th.

It was high time. A few days afterwards the liberators would have come too late. They found the town in ruins, everywhere houses destroyed and burnt down, bodies in a state of decay lying close up to the fort walls. An unbearable smell filled the air, and the deep silence of death lay upon the deserted habitation. The bodies were buried in haste, and the vicinity of the fort cleared of grass and thicket. Then Colonel Willcocks began his march back on July 17th, to Bekwae, after he had left a new garrison of one hundred and fifty men under two officers and two doctors, with the necessary provisions, in the fort. The former garrison and other people joined him. Most of them had to be carried in hammocks.

On the two following days nothing was seen or heard of the foe. Only before Kokofu, where there is a large Ashanti camp, there was another engagement on July 22nd. The rebels were surprised and repulsed there, the barricades were stormed, and the foe scattered. The well-fortified camp, that had successfully repelled the attacks of the English some time before, was destroyed and the troops retreated to Bekwae.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE REVOLT.

The fort was thus relieved, and the road between the coast and Kumassi was again in the hands of the English.

But the revolt of the Ashantis was not ended thereby. A good number of chiefs with their men were still under arms and had concentrated in the north-west, where they were ready to fight to the utmost.

Although the difficulties the Government troops had to overcome were enormous—for the rainy season, which was at its height, had transformed the paths and the roads into endless swamps—the operations were nevertheless pushed on with the greatest energy. While the allied tribes of the Gold Coast had to march against Ashanti to check an eventual movement of the enemy towards the east, other native Government troops from many parts of the British Colonies, even from Uganda, landed at Cape Coast and were soon marching to the front.

The road to Kumassi and its neighbourhood being

now quite free of the rebels, the fort was made the starting point for the next operations. Under the wise command of Colonel Willcocks, strong flying columns were now sent to pursue the rebels.

First of all the place called Adada, where they had concentrated under the leadership of the wild chief Kwabena Kyere, had to be taken. On September 29th Colonel Willcocks, with 1200 men, started from Kumassi in search of the enemy, but reaching Adada they found the place burned down, and the troops had to camp under pouring rain. On the following day they attacked the rebels, who had retreated in great numbers to Obasa, and after a hard fight and a charge with the bayonet the enemy was totally defeated and scattered in the forest, Chief Kwabena Kyere making his escape farther north-west.

The rebels had received a most heavy blow, and during the next weeks a number of chiefs laid down their arms and several provinces asked to make their submission.

Kwabena Kyere, and a few other chiefs, having been able to gather some men, were still resisting.

On November 1st another flying column under the command of Major Montanaro marched against the rest of the rebels, but on their approach the chiefs delivered themselves up freely. But Kwabena Kyere, their leader, knowing what he had to expect, hid himself in the bush. His hiding-place having been betrayed by his own people, he was soon after made prisoner and tried by court-martial, when he behaved in a most insolent manner. Having been tried and found guilty of murder—for he had most cruelly murdered several people—he was sentenced to death.

Another flying column came as far as the Tano river, from whence they brought to Kumassi a good number of chiefs (twenty-one) who had delivered themselves up. On their way they burned the town of Djumo, an ill-famed place. Among the prisoners made by the Ashantis, and who were rescued by the troops, was the widow of our poor friend, Catechist Ottu, who on April 17th had been murdered at Takyimangtia. She and her two children had been for eight months prisoners of the Ashantis, but after having been kindly cared for by the commandant of the troops, she was able to return to her native country of Akwapem.

With the submission of the rebel chiefs in the north-west part of Ashanti, the revolt has come to an end. Tranquillity has been restored in the country, and the people, long since tired of fighting and longing for peace, have willingly laid down their arms, and that for ever.

In the first days of December, Colonel J. Willcocks (now Sir James Willcocks), with a part of his troops, marched down to the coast, where soon after the new governor, Major Nathan, was gladly welcomed.

To bring to an end and to break down for ever this unfortunate rebellion of the Ashantis was not an easy task, and only those who know the west coast of Africa and its interior around Kumassi can understand

what enormous difficulties had to be overcome. The Government troops not only stood before a mighty army of wild and brave Ashantis, but the difficulties of the rainy season together with primitive roads in the primeval forest, with its endless swamps, were difficulties impossible to describe. Then came sickness of every kind, even smallpox; but, as we know, their courage never failed.

All praise, therefore, to the brave and valiant native troops, who, under the command of their gallant officers, and after eight months full of hardships, have at last brought the rebellion to an end. May the Lord who has allowed this fearful storm in Ashanti, now give His peace to these poor people.

This last rising of the Ashantis and its repression has brought ruin and destruction to many parts of the country, and our hearts bleed at the thought of the many who have lost their lives; but at the same time it has brought the people—and the chiefs especially—to understand that the former era is gone for ever.

The chiefs' dream was of a return to their former glory, and to the era of the knife; and more than once they announced that they must make one last supreme effort to become masters again, adding: "If we fail, then our submission will be a true submission." They have now made the experiment they were wishing to make, and know that the power, the tyranny, the knife era, under which all the surrounding tribes were trembling, has gone for ever,

and for the benefit not only of Ashanti but of the whole Gold Coast.

But as regards the future of mission work in those lands, it is difficult to predict anything. The missionary undertakings in Ashanti belong to the tragic parts of mission-history; and particularly the adventures of Missionary Ramseyer, which are so closely bound up with the Ashanti people, are such, that one may rightly say: "God is wonderful in His holy place!"

What mission work has planted and cultivated in Ashanti is to-day destroyed. The mission buildings at Kumassi are utterly destroyed, and some of our outstanding stations lie in ruins. The mission workers have all been swept away by the last storm. One of the mission helpers—as far as is known—has fallen by the knife of the Ashantis. But are we discouraged? No! and we know that missionary work will be resumed at no distant period—it will build up what has been destroyed, and gather up what has been scattered. This work our Missionary Ramseyer with his wife is ready to take up again as soon as possible. But who knows what position the people will take up towards the Gospel? We could ask, Will their hearts possibly have been hardened, and made less receptive for the message of salvation, by the vain effort to regain their political position? But no; we are nearly sure that the yoke, under which they must now bend, will induce the humbled nation to give ear to the word of peace. We commend it to the Lord of all missions!



AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL ON THE COAST. MR. RAMSEYER.



The last chapter was just in type when we heard the good news that seven of our freed slave-children have reached our station Abétifi, and are now with our missionaries. Some others have been seen near Kumassi, as well as our poor friend and teacher Akonno, and steps are being taken to see them released at once. But of our other catechists and teachers, although we have heard that they are all now safe on our mission stations, the news has only recently reached us of the fearful trials and dangers through which they have had to go.

Of our murdered friend, Catechist Ottu, at Takyimangtia, we hear from an eye-witness the following account. He relates that Ottu, although he knew that he had only death to expect, and was overwhelmed when he thought of his poor wife and two children, nevertheless did not cease to exhort his torturers to the last "as a preacher and servant of God." His hand was fastened to a piece of wood when he asked his wife to bring him his New Testament (in Ashanti language), and read out of it to the surrounding people, telling them among other things: "I see that you intend to kill me. The same thing has happened to many children of God; even our Lord Jesus was nailed to the cross by His own people, and of His disciples and followers many have been persecuted and killed; I also am ready to give my life for Him."

And as his poor wife was crying, he comforted her again and again, and even told her, "Alice, don't cry, for it hinders me from dying as a Christian."

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At times it seemed as if the sight of this poor crying woman went to the heart of some, and voices were heard asking: "But why do we trouble these people so?" But the fury of the people had won the upper hand; they would have their victim.

Soon after men rushed into the yard and dragged Ottu away. As his wife was clinging to him, one of the two executioners pushed her away, saying to his men: "Put her in the log, for I am going to cut her husband's head off." In her agony she cried the more; but one came and ordered her to be quiet, or she would have to share her husband's fate. She was nearly out of her mind, knowing that in that same moment her dear husband was under the knife of the executioner. She could not say a word to her little girl, who wanted to know what was happening.

Soon after the executioners came back, and one of them, having Ottu's clothes covered with blood in his hand, told her, "now I have done my work," on which the other came and, holding the knife before her face, said, "Look how red my knife is."*

Our catechists, Akyea at Djweso and Danso at Sekyedumasi, had a very narrow escape, and were on the point of being murdered too, and it is only a wonder of the Lord if they are still alive. Danso's life was spared through the fetish-priest taking his

* We know now that the murder of our dear friend and brother took place at the news that their chief "Boakye" was killed during the first fight at Bare (see page 81). part, saying: "We will not kill a priest of God." But they had to flee for their lives with their families.

The teachers, E. Kwabi of Pekyi, and J. Tete of Ofeso, were also in the greatest danger, for the leaders of the rebels were repeatedly asking for their heads, and it was only by the intervention of some who bravely stood by them for their defence that they finally reached a place of safety.

This will suffice to give an idea of the outburst of savage instincts which this fearful rebellion has awakened among our poor blind Ashantis.

We praise God for the wonderful deliverance of those who escaped, and for the faith given to our murdered brother at the moment of his death; but we also pray for the deliverance of the whole Ashanti people from the terrible bondage of heathenism, and are sure we shall see great things in Ashanti.

A WORD IN CONCLUSION TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR WORK IN ASHANTI.

More than once the term "gold-mining" has been used, by which it will be understood that the gold-mining enterprise exists in Ashanti. It is so.

Although it has for a long time been known that the soil on the Gold Coast was auriferous—hence the name "Gold Coast"—and that the natives in many other districts of the country as well as Ashanti were digging shafts and mines from which, in a very primitive manner, they obtained the precious metal, it is only in recent years that the eyes of Europeans have been drawn towards the Ashanti country, which promises to be even richer in gold than it was at first thought.

Not only have several concessions for the exploitation of gold been lately granted by the Government, even quite near the lake Bosomtshve, but at Oboase, seventy to seventy-five miles south of Kumassi, we find a very large and well-managed gold-mining enterprise, with every prospect of assured success.

When I say well-managed, I mean also the kind treatment of the crowd of native workers, and about which I was so pleased when visiting the place, especially when I heard that on the whole area of

land belonging to the corporation the selling of gin was strictly prohibited.

May other concessionaires follow this good example, and we shall fear much less for the mission work which by such enterprise and such a flood of people of so different elements could be rendered more difficult.

And why do I mention this? This is no part of our missionary work, although more than once we have visited the place with itinerary preaching.

These European friends have also suffered a great deal from the insurrection, although not in a way to be compared with the great losses we had. But if they have suffered much, nobody would venture to ask: Are they going to continue their work?

This question was the answer I gave some time ago when, on my way home, I was asked: "What are you going to do? Will you rebuild your station? begin your work anew?" I was so astonished to hear such a question that my only answer was: "And your gold-miners?"

If the work of the gold-miners' enterprise does not allow even the thought of falling back, how much less our missionary work, whose aim is not the acquiring of the precious metal, but a much higher aim—the salvation of hundreds of thousands of perishing souls in Ashanti.

It might perhaps be said with truth by some that these Ashantis cannot be very lovable or kindhearted; but I know many exceptions, who are longing for an era of peace and prosperity for the country; and how glad they were to hear from our lips the message of peace! They are a people known as bloodthirsty, but in the time we were among them we have learned to know them better, have even some converts from Kumassi and the neighbourhood; and how thankful they were to be free from their bloodthirsty chiefs!

And if they have been deceived by these men who were only dreaming of the former glory, and have been compelled to join in the rebellion or to die, shall we not pity them? Yes, we pity them to the utmost, and we are ready to go back to them, and to show them where true peace is to be found,—to entreat them to come to Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

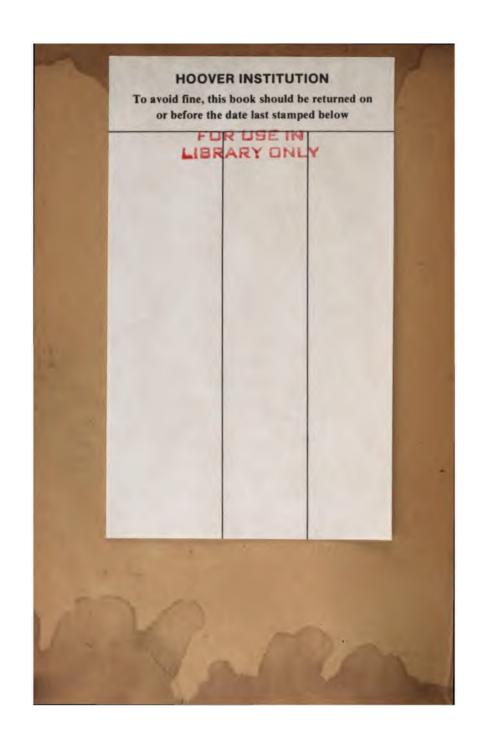
But as we have heard, everything has been destroyed, and in our great need we are asking help from everyone to whom the cause of the mission work is dear. The Lord has taught us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come." Who will help us by their prayers, and with open hands, that His Kingdom may be soon firmly established in Ashanti? May our appeal be heard by many!

F. RAMSEYER, Basel Missionary.

The Basel Missionary Society will be glad to receive contributions to rebuild the Kumassi Mission Station. They estimate the loss in buildings and property at over £2000.

Remittances may be made payable to the order of Mr. I. P. Werner, crossed London and County Bank, and sent to 27, Finsbury Square. London, E.C.





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